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AVENGELYNE™

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AVENGELYNE™

VENGEANCE HAS NEVER LOOKED THIS GOOD

OUR STORY THUS FAR:

ONCE A MEMBER OF THE ANGELIC ARMY KNOWN AS THE WARHOST, AVENGELYNE FELL FROM HER FATHER'S GRACE AFTER QUESTIONING HIS LOVE FOR HUMANS. SENT TO EARTH AS PUNISHMENT FOR HER SINS, SHE NOW LIVES AS A MORTAL DEFENDING THOSE SHE AT ONE TIME DID NOT THINK WORTHY. BATTLING THE RED DRAGON AND HIS FORCES OF EVIL, THIS FALLEN ANGEL IS DETERMINED TO LEAVE THE WORLD BETTER THAN SHE FOUND IT.

DEVIL IN THE FLESH

Part 1 of 3

STORY: ROB LIEFELD & MARK POULTON
SCRIPT: MARK POULTON
ART AND COLOR: OWEN GIENI
LETTERS AND COLOR ASSIST: DEXTER WEEKS
ADDITIONAL COLOR ASSIST: KAEZRER

COVER A ROB LIEFELD & MATT YACKEY
COVER B OWEN GIENI
COVER C JOE BENITEZ & MATT YACKEY

AVENGELYNE IS CREATED BY ROB LIEFELD & CATHY CHRISTIAN

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International Rights Representative: Christine Jensen (christine@gfloystudio.com)

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CHRISTMAS EVE, NEW YORK CITY

AS THE CITY'S SINS ARE COVERED WITH A FRESH BLANKET OF SNOW...

A MONSTER IS HARD AT WORK CREATING NEW ONES.

HELP!

CORINTHIANS 6:18... FLEE FROM SEXUAL IMMORALITY.

EVERY OTHER SIN A PERSON COMMITS IS OUTSIDE THE BODY...

BUT THE SEXUALLY IMMORAL PERSON SINS AGAINST HIS OWN BODY.

PLEASE DON'T...I'LL DO ANYTHING.

SHHH, MY DEAR.

YOUR WILLINGNESS TO DO ANYTHING IS WHAT PUT YOU IN THIS PREDICAMENT.

SHUNK!

BEHOLD, ALL SOULS ARE MINE...

THE SOUL OF THE FATHER AS WELL AS THE SOUL OF THE SON IS MINE.

THE SOUL WHO SINS SHALL DIE.

IT IS DONE.

HAHAHA

THE WORLD WILL LEARN TO FEAR OUR NAME AND OUR MISSION. THE SINNERS WILL COWER AT OUR FEET.

FOR WE NOT ONLY KILL THE BODY...WE KILL THE SOUL. WE ARE **TORMENT.**

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MEANWHILE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN, A DIFFERENT TYPE OF YULETIDE CELEBRATION IS GOING ON...

"GENTLEMEN, PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER FOR A WOMAN WHO NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION..."

"...HEAVEN STARR!"

BEER

WOO HOO!

TAKE IT OFF!

YEAH BABY!

I WANT YOU UNDER MY CHRISTMAS TREE, BABY.

HAVE YOU BEEN A GOOD BOY?

MY HEAD IS KILLING ME. I JUST NEED TO GET THROUGH A COUPLE MORE MINUTES OF THIS AND THEN I CAN...

OH, THE PRETTY LIGHT...

WHERE AM I?

UHH, MY HEAD... HOW DID I GET HERE?

WHOA!

KRASH!

DUMB BROAD!

UHHH...

AND STAY OUT!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER TO BRING IN A JUNKIE PORNSTAR LIKE YOU, BUT I WANTED TO DO SOMETHING NICE FOR MY REGULARS... IT BEING *CHRISTMAS* AND ALL.

AND LOOK WHAT IT GOT ME! YOU'LL NEVER WORK IN THIS CITY AGAIN!

BUT...

THE ONLY *BUTT* I WANT TO SEE IS YOURS WALKING OUT OF HERE! *KAPISH?* YOU THINK YOU CAN PULL THAT CRAP ON *TERRY SALSA*, THE STRIP CLUB KING OF *NEW YORK?*

NOW, BEAT IT!

OOPH!

SLAM!

HOW DID I GET HERE?

AND WHY CAN'T I REMEMBER WHO I AM? *OWWW*, MY HEAD IS RINGING SO BAD.

SO COLD... I CAN'T JUST WANDER OUT HERE ALL NIGHT. I NEED TO FIGURE OUT WHO I AM AND... WAIT A MINUTE!

STUPID, WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT SOONER? MY *ID* SAYS MY NAME IS ***HEAVEN STARR*** AND I LIVE AT ***TILTON TOWERS*** WHICH ACCORDING TO THE ADDRESS IS NEARBY! AHHH, WHY DOESN'T ANY OF THIS RING A BELL?

HEAVEN? IF THAT TRULY IS MY NAME, HOPEFULLY I HAVE MY OWN GUARDIAN ANGEL LOOKING OUT FOR ME.

DID YOU GUYS HEAR ***FLOWERS*** DIED THE OTHER DAY? I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES.

THE POOR BASTARD. I HEARD HE STARVED TO DEATH.

STARVED? MORE LIKE BEATEN TO A BLOODY PULP.

I TOOK OVER HIS GRATE ON 7TH. PRIME REAL ESTATE FOR THE COMING APOCALYPSE. *HEH*

FORGET *FLOWERS* FOR A SECOND FELLAS. LOOKY WHAT WE GOT HERE.

I RECOGNIZE THAT SWEET SCENT ANYWHERE. IT'S THE FALLEN ONE!

NO, PLEASE. I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE.

YOU WANDERED OVER TO THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS, PRINCESS.

NOT IF *WAR* HAS HIS WAY WITH HER FIRST!

TOO BAD, 'CAUSE THE BOSS HAS PUT A BOUNTY ON YOUR HEAD AND OL' *DEATH* IS GONNA COLLECT!

NO WAIT! LOOK ABOVE... IT'S A BIRD!

AWW, SHIT. IT'S THAT PARTY POOPER *PUSHOVER!*

NO A PLANE!

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE STILL PROTECTED FALLEN ONE, BUT YOU'LL FIND I'M NOT AS EASY TO TAKE OUT AS MY BROTHERS.

COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE...

KRACK!

I SAID I DIDN'T WANT ANY TROUBLE!

MAYBE NEXT TIME YOU'LL LISTEN WHEN A WOMAN TELLS YOU NO.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME BACK THERE. I FEEL LIKE I COULD HAVE SERIOUSLY HURT THAT MAN IF I WANTED TO. IS THAT WHO I AM? SOME VIOLENT FIGHTER... IF SO, *I'M* NOT SURE I LIKE IT.

AND THIS PLACE...

FOR SOME REASON, I FEEL DRAWN TO IT.

GOD, IF YOU'RE LISTENING...

"I COULD SURE USE SOME DIVINE INTERVENTION."

WELL, THIS IS THE PLACE...

MERRY CHRISTMAS, MS. STARR.

OHH... UM *MERRY CHRISTMAS* TO YOU TOO?

THE DOORMAN RECOGNIZED ME. THAT HAS TO BE A GOOD SIGN.

STARR BORN

HELLO... IS ANYONE HOME?

HEAVEN!

WHU...

YOU'RE HOME. I WAS SO WORRIED!

I HEARD WHAT HAPPENED AT *CLUB EXXXTREME* TONIGHT. WITH THAT *TORMENT* KILLER ON THE LOOSE, I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK THE WORST. AND WHAT'S WITH THE JACKET, *HEAVEN?* IT SMELLS LIKE URINE.

UMMM, DO I KNOW YOU?

COME ON. IT'S ME, *TEGAN.* YOUR BEST FRIEND...

OH WOW, I KNOW YOU WERE PRETTY MESSED UP AT THE CLUB, BUT IT'S WORSE THAN I THOUGHT. WHAT HAPPENED?

I HONESTLY CAN'T REMEMBER?

HMMM...

FIRST THINGS FIRST, GET OUT OF THOSE CLOTHES AND I'LL DRAW YOU A NICE WARM BATH.

I'LL GIVE *JARED* A CALL AND WE'LL HELP YOU GET THROUGH THIS.

I'VE GOT TO GIVE THAT *TEGAN* CREDIT. SHE WAS RIGHT ON THE MONEY ABOUT THIS BATH.

IT'S NOT HELPING ME REMEMBER WHO I AM, BUT IT IS AT LEAST MAKING ME RELAX FOR THE FIRST TIME TONIGHT.

I FEEL LIKE I COULD DRIFT AWAY TO A WHOLE OTHER WORLD.

KNOWING MY LUCK, IT WOULD BE A COMPLETE LIVING...

... HELL.

EXILED ONE, WHAT DOES THE GREAT B'LIALE OWE FOR THE PRESENCE OF THE LEGENDARY MEMBER OF THE WARHOST HERSELF.

HAVE YOU COME TO GLOAT OVER MY DEATH...

"...AVENGELYNE!"

A-A-AVENGELYNE? WHY DOES THAT SOUND FAMILIAR? IS THAT MY NAME?

FALLEN ONE!

WHO?

I REMEMBER.

YOU WERE WARNED! I FORETOLD YOUR VERY ANGELIC ESSENCE WOULD BE STRIPPED FROM THE FLESH YOU ONCE KNEW!

EDITOR'S NOTE: SEE AVENGELYNE VS. KONI WAVES FOR DETAILS!

I REMEMBER WHO I AM. QUESTIONING MY FATHER... MY EXILE TO *EARTH*... *FATHER PETER*... THE NEW CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE... ALL OF THE PIECES OF THE PUZZLE ARE COMING TOGETHER. ALL BUT ONE THAT IS...

HOW DID I GET IN THIS NEW BODY? AND WHAT HAPPENED TO MY OLD ONE?

WELL, *I'M* NOT GOING TO GET ANY ANSWERS STANDING AROUND IN A TOWEL. I NEED TO GET DRESSED AND GET BACK TO THE CHURCH. MAYBE *FATHER PETER* AND I CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS.

I'VE GOT TO GIVE THIS *HEAVEN* GIRL CREDIT THOUGH. HER LIFESTYLE MAY BE QUESTIONABLE, BUT HER TASTE IN CLOTHING...

... IS TO DIE FOR.

WHO ARE YOU! TALKING TO BA...

GET YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF ME!

HEEE!

JEEZ, *TEGAN* SAID YOU WERE ON A BAD TRIP, BUT *GOD DAMN!* WHAT ARE YOU ON, *PCP?*

HEAVEN, CALM DOWN! IT'S *JARED*, YOUR BOYFRIEND.

I CALLED HIM, REMEMBER?

AWWW COME ON, BABE.

I AM NOT YOUR BABE. MY NAME IS *AVENGELYNE* AND I AM A MEMBER OF MY FATHER'S *WARHOST*.

AVENGELYNE? WAZZAT SOME NEW ROLE YOU'RE PLAYING? I THOUGHT WE AGREED *HEAVEN CAN'T WAIT 3* WAS YOUR NEXT FILM.

HOW 'BOUT WE TALK IT OVER SOME OF *AUNT NORA'S* FINEST?

WHAT THE?!

YOU FILTHY LITTLE MAN!

KRAK

I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE TRIPPIN'. YOU JUST COST ME A G!

SMACK!

UNHHH...

YOU FOUL LITTLE DEMON. I'LL HAVE YOUR HEAD!

BRING IT, *CYBIL!*

STOP IT!

IMPODENT LITTLE MAN...

WHAT?!

NO ONE TALKS TO ME LIKE THAT! I MADE YOU! YOU WOULD BE ANOTHER PIECE OF TRASH OUT ON THE STREET IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME!

YOU STUPID...

OWWW...

THUD

NOW LISTEN AND LISTEN GOOD...

I WANT YOU AND THE FILTH YOU PEDDLE OUT OF *HEAVEN'S* LIFE. FROM NOW ON, YOU COULD SAY SHE HAS AN ANGEL LOOKING OVER HER SHOULDER.

OH MY...

I'M SORRY MISS, BUT ONLY RESIDENTS OF THE TILTON ARE ALLOWED ENTRYWAY. IF YOU'RE A GUEST, PERHAPS I COULD RING YOUR...

... PARTY?

BANG.

ВШИ!

DON'T BOTHER GETTING UP. I CAN SEE MYSELF IN.

HAVE I MADE MYSELF CLEAR?

YEAH WHATEVER.

HEAVEN, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

I'M LEAVING. I NEED TO GET HOME.

BUT WHO WILL TAKE CARE OF ME? WHEN YOU FOUND ME, I WAS LIVING ON THE STREETS WITH OTHER RUNAWAYS. YOU TOOK ME IN...

IT SOUNDS DEEP DOWN YOUR FRIEND, *HEAVEN*, HAD A GOOD HEART. I'LL DO MY BEST TO FIND HER AND RESTORE THINGS.

FIND HER... I'M SO CONFUSED.

I WISH I COULD GIVE YOU AN ANSWER THAT WOULD MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND, BUT UNFORTUNATELY STAYING HERE ISN'T GOING TO RESOLVE IT.

WHO?

WHAT TYPE OF TRICKERY IS THIS?!

SO TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE NEW LOOK? IT'S ME, RIGHT?

TO BE CONTINUED...

ROB LIEFELD PRESENTS

EXTREME ORIGINS

CREDITS

WRITER - MARK POULTON
ARTIST - EJ MORGES
COLORIST - LETTER -
DEXTER WEEKS

AS GOD'S WARHOST, SHE ENJOYED THE LIFE OF PHYSICAL PERFECTION.

WITH HER FERY SWORD, SHE STRUCK OUT WITH RIGHTEOUS JUDGEMENT TOWARD THE *RED DRAGON* AND HIS ARMY.

THAT IS UNTIL SHE FELL FROM HER FATHER'S GRACE.

BAN SHED TO *EARTH* TO SERVE HER PENANCE, SHE WAS TAKEN IN BY THE COURAGEOUS AND NOBLE YOUNG PRIEST, *FATHER PETER CLIFTON.*

SHE WOULD MAKE A NEW HOME FOR HERSELF AT *ST. AUGUSTINE CHURCH.*

ALTHOUGH HER *EARTHLY* SWORD NO LONGER BREATHED THE FIRES OF JUDGEMENT SHE CONTINUED HER WORK ON HER NEW HOME SLAYING THE *DRAGON'S* MINIONS AS THEY CREPT TO *EARTH.*

AS TIME WENT BY, SHE WOULD EXPERIENCE LOVE...

AND BETRAYAL. THE MAN SHE LOVED, *KYLE WAGNER*, TURNED OUT TO BE A *DEMON*.

HOWEVER BEFORE HER DISCOVERY, THE TWO WOULD CONCEIVE A CHILD.

UPON HIS BIRTH, THEIR SON *MAGOG*, WOULD IMMEDIATELY TRY TO SLAY HIS MOTHER.

ALTHOUGH BORN FROM HER BLOOD, SHE HOLDS NOTHING BUT CONTEMPT FOR THE CHILD WHO HAS SWORN TO KILL HER.

OUTSIDE HER LIFE FROM *ST.SUGUSTINE*, SHE HAS TRAVELED THE WORLD AND MADE SOME FRIENDS...

AS WELL AS ENEMIES.

AND WHEN HER TIME ON THIS WORLD ENDS, YOU CAN BE CERTAIN OF ONE THING...

SHE WILL LEAVE THIS WORLD BETTER THAN SHE FOUND IT.

WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF...

AVENGELYNE

VENGEANCE HAS NEVER LOOKED THIS GOOD!

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AVENGELYNE

LIEFELD ✝ POULTON ✝ GIENI ✝ WEEKS

LIEFELD

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ADDITIONAL COLOR ASSIST: KAEZRER

COVER A: MARAT MYCHAELS, ROB LIEFELD & MATT YACKEY
COVER B: OWEN GIENI

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TILTON TOWERS...

"SO TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE NEW LOOK? IT'S ME, RIGHT?"

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I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU THINK YOU ARE WITCH, BUT I WANT MY BODY BACK!

DON'T BE JEALOUS. FROM THE LOOKS OF IT, YOU LOOK LIKE YOU DID PRETTY WELL FOR YOURSELF. LOVE THE INK.

IF IT'S A FIGHT YOU WANT, I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I AM A MEMBER OF MY FATHER'S...

BLAH, BLAH, BLAH... YOU'RE ALWAYS SO QUICK TO NAME DROP ***DAD***, AREN'T YOU?

THE ***RED DRAGON***. I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU WERE BEHIND THIS.

DON'T BE TOO HARD ON YOURSELF, MY SWEET GIRL. THINKING WAS NEVER YOUR SPECIALTY.

I'VE BEEN SAVORING THIS MOMENT.

"FOR YEARS I WATCHED YOU MAKE A FOOL OF MY MINIONS, FROM THE EVER INCOMPETENT *B'LIALE*...

"... TO YOUR VERY OWN DEMONSEED *MAGOG!*"

"THEY HAVE ALL FALLEN AT YOUR HANDS."

"NOW WITH MY TERM IN HELL COMING TO A CLOSE, I KNEW IT WAS MY CHANCE TO STRIKE."

SO WHEN IT CAME TIME TO CHOOSE A VESSEL TO WALK EARTH IN SEARCH OF MY NEW APPRENTICE, WHO BETTER THAN YOU?
THAT'S IT! I'VE HAD IT WITH YOU SILLY BROADS!
IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE, AND THE J-DAWG IS PLANNING ON GETTING SOME CHRISTMAS CHEER ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.
SO UNLESS YOU'RE IN THE GIVING SPIRIT, I SUGGEST YOU MOVE YOUR LATEX COVERED ASS OUT MY WAY.
JARED NO!
gasp

HAHAHAHA

THE *PRINCE OF DARKNESS* IS ALWAYS IN A GIVING SPIRIT!

NOOO!

TEGAN, RUN! GO TO THE NEW CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE. FATHER PETER WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU!

I WILL SEND YOU BACK TO THE BOWELS OF HELL FROM WHICH YOU CAME, DEVIL!

THAT I WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO SEE, ANGEL. YOU STILL DO NOT POSSESS COMPLETE MASTERY OF YOUR NEW BODY.

OH MY GOD, OH MY GOD, OH MY GOD...

ND SPIRITS

Merry Christmas
HICCUP
DONATIONS FOR ORPHANS.

RING RING

OWWW!

WHO?

MY POOR CHILD, YOU LOOK LOST.

FEAR NOT, FOR I WILL HELP YOU FIND YOUR WAY. I WILL UPHOLD YOU WITH MY RIGHTEOUS RIGHT HAND.

HAHAHAHA

WHAT ARE YOU, CRAZY OR SOMETHING?

I AM YOUR *GOD*. I AM YOUR CREATOR, DESTROYER...

I AM *TORMENT*.

!!EEE!

HO HO HO?

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

SLICE!

HAHAHAHA

GIVE IT UP, *AVENGELYNE*. YOU WERE NEVER A MATCH FOR ME.

YOUR NEW MEAT SUIT IS WEAK... WORTHLESS.

UHHH...

BUT MY *FAITH* IS STRONG!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW? THE LITTLE BITCH HAS SOME BITE.

STAY DOWN UNLESS YOU WANT SOME MORE. I AM IN NO MOOD FOR YOUR GAMES, *DRAGON*.

OH, REALLY? MAYBE YOU WOULD LIKE TO TAKE THIS OUTSIDE THEN.

TELL ME ANGEL, CAN YOU STILL FLY WITHOUT YOUR WINGS?

NOOO!

KII-IIISH!

NOW WHERE WERE WE? OH YES...

YOU WILL NOT WIN, DEVIL.

YOU KEEP SAYING THIS.

AT WHAT POINT DO YOU STOP BELIEVING IT.

HOW MUCH DO I HAVE TO PUNISH THE MIGHTY *AVENGELYNE* BEFORE HER FAITH IS BROKEN?

I'LL NEVER LOSE FAITH.

WE SHALL SEE.

WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU I WILL KEEP YOU IN THE SECOND RING OF *HELL* AS MY OWN PERSONAL PLAYTHING.

IN YOUR DREAMS... -GASP-

MORE LIKE YOUR NIGHTMARES!

TELL ME ANGEL, WHAT IS IT LIKE TO LOOK INTO THE FACE OF...

-GASP-

DEATH?

PERHAPS YOU SHOULD TELL ME, DEMON.

PASSOVER!

WHERE IS THIS CHURCH *HEAVEN* WAS TALKING ABOUT?!

DID I LOSE HIM? COULD I BE SO LUCKY?

THERE'S THE CHURCH! I'VE NEVER KNOWN *HEAVEN* TO BE THE MOST RELIGIOUS PERSON, BUT I HOPE SHE'S RIGHT ABOUT THIS PLACE!

FATHER MICHAEL, IT'S FATHER PETER FROM THE NEW CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE. MERRY CHRISTMAS MY FRIEND.

HAVE I CAUGHT YOU AT A BAD TIME?

NO, NOT AT ALL. I WAS JUST GETTING BACK FROM DOING THE LORD'S WILL. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I WAS JUST CALLING TO SAY THE CHURCH IS LOOKING FORWARD TO YOUR ARRIVAL AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

THAT IS VERY KIND OF YOU FATHER PETER. I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO GETTING ENTRENCHED IN THE COMMUNITY AND HELPING IN ANY WAY I CAN.

THESE LAST FEW YEARS IN BOSTON HAVE BEEN CHALLENGING, BUT I FEEL AS IF MY WORK IS DONE HERE AND YOUR CHURCH'S INVITATION IS GOD'S WAY OF TELLING ME TO MOVE ON.

HE HAS A PLAN FOR US ALL.

HELP!

FATHER PETER?

WHU?

PANT
THE *TORMENT* KILLER IS AFTER ME. *HEAVEN* TOLD ME I WOULD BE SAFE HERE.

TORMENT...
COULD THIS BE WHY I HAVEN'T SEEN *AVENGELYNE* AT ALL TODAY?

WHEREVER SHE IS I CAN ONLY HOPE SHE IS SAFE.

TASTE THE WRATH OF JESUS FIRE AND RETURN TO THE ABYSS FROM WHICH YOU CAME.

EEAGH!

PASSOVER? HOW DO I KNOW IT'S YOU?

NOTHING IS AS IT SEEMS TODAY. THIS COULD BE MORE TRICKERY.

I'VE BEEN WATCHING OVER YOU, AVENGELYNE. WAITING FOR WHEN YOU NEEDED ME MOST.

IF YOU HAVE YOUR DOUBTS, ALLOW ME TO ALLEVIATE THEM.

YOUR FACE?!

DO NOT BE ALARMED. AS YOU CAN SEE, THE FACE OF DEATH IS NOT CALLING FOR YOU TODAY. I AM HERE TO PROTECT YOU FROM THE DRAGON.

I KNOW HE HAS FOUND HIS APPRENTICE. THEY MUST BE STOPPED.

GASP

DAMN YOU!

MY BEAUTIFUL NEW FACE...

IT IS NO MATTER. THE WHEELS OF ANGUISH HAVE BEEN SET IN MOTION.

MY NEW APPRENTICE, ***NED CROWLEY***, IS ALREADY ON HIS WAY TO YOUR PRECIOUS CHURCH.

AND THE ONLY ONE YOU HAVE TO BLAME IS YOUR ALL LOVING FATHER.

FOR WHEN A TRUMPET SOUNDS IN A CITY, DO NOT THE PEOPLE TREMBLE? WHEN DISASTER COMES TO A CITY, HAS NOT THE ***LORD*** CAUSED IT?

FATHER PETER... WE HAVE TO SAVE HIM!

I FORM THE LIGHT...

AND CREATE DARKNESS...

I MAKE PEACE, AND CREATE EVIL:
I THE *LORD* DO ALL THESE THINGS.
- *ISAIAH 45:7*

SHHH. EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE OKAY MY CHILD.

TO BE CONTINUED...

image

3

AVENGELYNE

LIEFELD ✝ POULTON ✝ GIENI ✝ WEEKS

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THE NEW CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE...

DEVIL IN THE FLESH
Part 3 of 3

ARMORGEDDON

CREATED BY
ROB LIEFELD & CATHY CHRISTIAN
STORY- ROB LIEFELD & MARK POULTON
WRITER- MARK POULTON *ART & COLOR-* OWEN GIENI
LETTERS & COLOR ASSIST- DEXTER WEEKS

AIEEE!

SIR, WE ARE A MODEST CHURCH. WE DON'T HAVE MUCH, BUT YOU ARE WELCOME TO ANY MONEY. JUST LEAVE THE GIRL ALONE!

MONEY... WHY AM I NOT SURPRISED? FROM THE LEAST TO THE GREATEST, ALL ARE GREEDY FOR GAIN; PROPHETS AND PRIESTS ALIKE, ALL PRACTICE DECEIT.

HE'S THE *TORMENT* KILLER. HE'S CRAZY!

PLEASE, IF IT'S NOT MONEY YOU WANT, WHAT CAN WE DO? YOU'RE SCARING THE GIRL.

SHE FEARS BECAUSE SHE DOESN'T BELIEVE. FOR FEAR HATH *TORMENT*...AND *TORMENT* IS ETERNAL DAMNATION.

AS FOR WHAT I WANT...

EXCUSE ME...

BUT... OH, HOW I LOVE BEING FASHIONABLY LATE TO A PARTY.

WHO?

AVENGELYNE?

OUTTA MY WAY, LOLLIPOP GUILD.

FATHER PETER, IS THAT ANY WAY TO GREET A FRIEND?

AVENGELYNE, WHAT'S COME OVER YOU?

HEY!

?!

EASY WITH THE TONGUE, *FATHER PETER.* I'M NOT THAT TYPE OF GIRL.

HAHAHAHA

THE *RED DRAGON!*

IN THE FLESH AND IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S GOING TO BE PUTTING IN SOME OVERTIME AT THE CONFESSIONAL BOOTH. DOES SHE KNOW?

ENOUGH! ONE MORE WORD AND I WILL RIP YOUR SOUL OUT OF YOUR BODY.

NOW THAT I WOULD LIKE TO SEE, *NED CROWLEY.* BUT WHAT IF I COULD MAKE THAT TRUE? NO MORE 4TH EDITION *D&D,* BUT THE REAL THING? WOULD YOU LIKE THAT?

I THOUGHT SO. NOW, SIT BACK AND LET MOMMA MAKE EVERYTHING BETTER.

WHU... WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME? I DON'T FEEL...

ARRRGGH!

PRAY WITH ME CHILD... OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE DONE, ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN...

OH, THERE WILL BE NO DELIVERING FROM EVIL TODAY.

RAWR!

THE ONLY FESTIVITIES ON THE AGENDA FOR TODAY ARE A CORONATION. *HAIL TO THE KING, BABY.*

SORRY TO INTERRUPT THE PARTY, BUT PASSOVER AND I HAVE A COUPLE OF GRIEVANCES TO FILE WITH YOUR *HIGHNESS.*

PASSOVER... THE ANGEL OF DEATH? AND IS THAT *AVENGELYNE* WITH HIM?

NO, THAT'S MY FRIEND *HEAVEN.*

AVENGELYNE! YOU'RE TOO LATE. MY TRANSFER OF POWER IS ALMOST COMPLETE. SOON *TORMENT* WILL TAKE HIS RIGHTFUL PLACE AS MY HEIR APPARENT.

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT. *PASSOVER,* WOULD YOU MIND LENDING ME ONE OF YOUR DAGGERS? THIS DRESS IS CONSIDERABLY SHORT ON POUCHES.

WITH PLEASURE.

YOU'RE GOING TO REGRET TAKING MY BODY. BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY YOU'RE GOING TO REGRET EVER SETTING FOOT ON EARTH.

GAHHH!

TORMENT, OUR POWER TRANSFER IS NOT COMPLETE. *GASP* KILL HER BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

PRETTY GIRL... I CAN TASTE HER SOUL AND IT IS DELICIOUS. IT WILL BE MINE.

HAHA-HAHA

GHHH!

WEEE!

NO MORE GAMES OF DECEIT. THE *RED DRAGON* IN HIS TRUE FORM BRINGS HELL ON EARTH...

"...ON THE HOLIEST OF NIGHTS."

KRASH

TAKE CARE OF TORMENT. I WILL GO AFTER THE DRAGON. IT MUST BE STOPPED.

UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE YEAR.

SARCASM... AVENGELYNE, YOU ARE BECOMING MORE AND MORE LIKE THE HUMANS YOU LIVE AMONGST.

IT WASN'T A COMPLIMENT.

THANKS *PASSOVER.* I WAS A LITTLE OUT OF IT WHEN I FIRST JUMPED INTO THIS BODY, BUT I NOW REMEMBER HOW MUCH I LOVE LIVING AMONG THESE PEOPLE. AND I WILL DO WHAT IS NECESSARY TO DEFEND THEM.

WHACK

HER BREATHING IS FAINT. IF HER BODY DIES, I'M NOT SURE WHAT IT WILL MEAN FOR *AVENGELYNE'S* ESSENCE.

BUT ISN'T SHE THE BAD GUY?

KRAK

GHHH...

I'M GOING TO PEEL BACK YOUR PRETTY LITTLE SKULL AND SCOOP OUT THE WHITE MEAT.

HAHAHAHA

IT WILL BE THE APPETIZER BEFORE I DINE ON YOUR SOUL.

FATHER PETER *GASP* A LITTLE HELP...

IF I DON'T ACT QUICKLY, SAVING HER BODY WILL BE A MOOT POINT.

AVENGELYNE, CATCH!

ONLY ONE CHANCE TO MAKE THIS WORK...

AHHH!

ARGHHH!

JUST LIKE OLD TIMES.

YOU DO NOT WANT TO FIGHT ME, *PASSOVER*. WE WERE ONCE FRIENDS SERVING THE *WARHOST* TOGETHER.

UNTIL YOU DECLARED WAR ON GOD!

AND I WILL DECLARE WAR ON YOU TOO!

YOU THINK YOU ARE AS GLORIOUS AS FATHER, BUT YOU SIT ON A THRONE OF LIES AND SERVE A KINGDOM OF PAIN.

PERHAPS IT IS TIME YOU FELT SOME PAIN OF YOUR OWN!

UHFFF!

YOU THINK I DO NOT KNOW PAIN? I KNOW IT LIKE NO OTHER. I BASKED IN HIS BEAUTY EVERYDAY ONLY TO BE EXILED. I ONLY CRAVED ADULATION... BUT NOW I CRAVE REVENGE!

THIS IS FOR ALL THE WOMEN YOU HAVE MADE BEG AND SUFFER. THE PITS OF HELL WILL BE TOO GOOD FOR...

NOOO... MY POWER.

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW? YOUR FANTASIES OF POWER ARE OVER.

NO PLEASE..

AWAY FROM THE *DRAGON'S* INFLUENCE, YOU ARE NOTHING MORE THAN A PATHETIC, LITTLE MISOGYNIST...

DON'T HURT ME.

YOU'VE TORMENTED YOUR LAST VICTIM.

OH *HEAVEN*, THANK GOD YOU'RE OKAY.

SERIOUSLY *TEGAN*, I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY DIFFERENT WAYS I CAN TELL YOU *I'M* NOT THE FRIEND YOU KNOW.

SNAP

PERHAPS A LITTLE JESUS FIRE WILL CURB YOUR CRAVINGS!

WE'LL MEET AGAIN, *PASSOVER*. THE WHEELS ARE ALREADY SET IN MOTION AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT. UNTIL THEN *I'D* LIKE TO LEAVE YOU WITH THIS PARTING GIFT...

BURN IN HELL DEVIL.

THE *RED DRAGON*... IS HE?

GONE. BUT HE WILL BE BACK. THAT WE CAN BE SURE OF.

WE STILL MAKE A PRETTY GOOD TEAM. YOU SHOULD HANG AROUND HERE MORE OFTEN. I COULD USE THE HELP.

I FEAR TRUER WORDS HAVE NEVER BEEN SPOKEN. THERE SEEMS TO BE GREATER PLANS IN MOTION. THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING BUT THOSE ARE CONCERNS FOR ANOTHER TIME...

FOR IT APPEARS THERE ARE GREATER LOSSES THAT NEED TO BE ATTENDED TO.

FATHER PETER... HOW IS IT? MY BODY... IS IT?

AVENGELYNE...

I'M SO SORRY, BUT YOUR BODY HAS BEEN KILLED.

"BUT THAT MEANS I'M TRAPPED IN HEAVEN'S BODY."

"WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO HER?"

WHU....

HEAVEN, ARE YOU OKAY?

HEY GUYS. THAT WAS SOME LIGHT SHOW.

AVENGELYNE!

IT'S A *CHRISTMAS* MIRACLE.

FATHER PETER, YOU'RE MAKING ME BLUSH.

AND AN ANGEL OF THE LORD APPEARED TO THEM...

UHHH... MY HEAD.

WAIT A MINUTE... THAT CHICK WAS JUST DEAD!

TEGAN!

OOOO...

EVERYONE FREEZE!

OFFICERS. THERE IS NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY HERE TONIGHT.

DID YOU HEAR THAT BOYS? NOTHIN' OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

WORKS FOR ME.

THERE'S NOTHING TO SEE HERE FOLKS. NOW, LET'S GET THIS LITTLE FREAK TO THE PRECINCT.

SOMEONE'S BEEN SIPPING THE EGGNOG.

MAHONEY'S GONNA GET IT BACK AT THE PRECINCT FOR CALLING IN A LOOSE DRAGON. WHAT A JOKER?!

POLICE

A LITTLE JEDI MIND TRICK, HUH? LOOKS LIKE *I'M* NOT THE ONLY ONE BECOMING A LITTLE HUMAN.

I ASSURE YOU; I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT.

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

"WHEN THE DRAGON FORCED MY ESSENCE OUT OF MY BODY, WHY DO YOU THINK IT CHOSE *HEAVEN'S?*"

I DON'T KNOW, BUT PERHAPS IT KNEW IT NEEDED HEALING. EITHER WAY, I DON'T THINK IT WAS A COINCIDENCE.

THE POOR THING. SHE MUST BE SO CONFUSED. WHEN I WAS IN HER BODY, I SENSED THE STRUGGLES SHE HAS BEEN THROUGH. I HOPE THIS DOES NOT MAKE IT WORSE.

LUCKY FOR HER, SHE HAS SOMEONE LOOKING OUT FOR HER NOW.

IT SEEMS LIKE WE ALL HAD SOMEONE LOOKING OVER US TONIGHT.

HE WORKS IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS.

THERE'S NO MYSTERY IN MY FATHER'S PLANS FOR ME. *I'LL* CONTINUE TO PROTECT MY NEW HOME UNTIL IT IS FREE OF THE DEMONS THAT WALK IT. AND CONTINUE TO SERVE HIM UNTIL WE SEE...

"... THE LAST OF THE *RED DRAGON.*"

NEXT ISSUE:
PRIEST

ROB LIEFELD PRESENTS

EXTREME ORIGINS

WRITER - MARK POULTON
ART AND COLOR - JON MALIN
LETTERS - DEXTER WEEKS

HE WAS AN ANGEL OF IMMENSE GRACE AND BEAUTY, WHO WAS APPOINTED BY HIS FATHER TO LEAD THE *WARHOST* ALONGSIDE *AVENGELYNE* AND *PASSOVER*.

HOWEVER, HE WANTED THE SAME ADULATION AND DEVOTION AS HIS FATHER.

WHEN HE TRIED TO USURP HIS FATHER'S THRONE HE WAS CAST DOWN.

STRIPPED OF HIS BEAUTIFUL WINGS, HE FOUND A NEW HOME...

...A HOME BUILT ON TORTURED SOULS AND MISERY.

HE OVERSEES THE TORTURED SOULS OF *HELL*, LOOKING TO COLLECT MORE FOR HIS ARMY FROM THE *EARTHLY* REALM.

SOME BELIEVE HIS MINIONS WALK THE EARTH LOOKING FOR MORE VICTIMS FOR HIS ARMY.

UNFORTUNATELY FOR HIM, STANDING IN HIS WAY HAS BEEN HIS FORMER ALLY, *AVENGELYNE*.

TIME AFTER TIME, HE HAS SENT HIS APPRENTICES TO DESTROY HER, AND EACH TIME THEY HAVE FAILED.

BUT THE *PRINCE OF DARKNESS* HAS ONE MORE TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE. BIDING HIS TIME ON HIS THRONE OF SKULLS, HE WAITS TO EXACT HIS REVENGE. HE IS THE...

RED PRAETOR

image

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AVENGYNE

LIEFELD ✝ POULTON ✝ GIENI ✝ WEEKS

EXTREME™ PRESENTS

AVENGELYNE™

VENGEANCE HAS NEVER LOOKED THIS GOOD

OUR STORY THUS FAR:

ONCE A MEMBER OF THE ANGELIC ARMY KNOWN AS THE WARHOST, AVENGELYNE FELL FROM HER FATHER'S GRACE AFTER QUESTIONING HIS LOVE FOR HUMANS. SENT TO EARTH AS PUNISHMENT FOR HER SINS, SHE NOW LIVES AS A MORTAL DEFENDING THOSE SHE AT ONE TIME DID NOT THINK WORTHY. BATTLING THE RED DRAGON AND HIS FORCES OF EVIL, THIS FALLEN ANGEL IS DETERMINED TO LEAVE THE WORLD BETTER THAN SHE FOUND IT.

THE HAND OF GOD

Part 1 of 3

WRITER: MARK POULTON
ART\COLORS: OWEN GIENI
COLORS\LETTERS: DEXTER WEEKS

COVER A: ROB LIEFELD & ANDY TROY
COVER B: OWEN GIENI

AVENGELYNE IS CREATED BY ROB LIEFELD & CATHY CHRISTIAN

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WITH THE HOLIDAY SEASON PAST, A NEW YEAR IS WELCOMED IN...

AND WITH IT A NEW FRIEND IS WELCOMED WITH OPEN ARMS BY *FATHER PETER CLIFTON.*

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THE HAND OF GOD

PART 3

ANGELMAN

CREATED BY
ROB LIEFELD & CATHY CHRISTIAN

WRITER - MARK POULTON
ART- COLORS - OWEN GIENI
COLORS LETTERS - DEXTER WEEKS

UNHF... WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN HERE, FATHER MICHAEL... SAINT PETER'S REMAINS?

HERE LET ME TAKE THAT FOR YOU. IT'S NOTHING BUT SOME OLD MEMORIES FROM A TIME I'D LIKE TO FORGET.

IN FACT, I THINK IT'S BEST PLACED HERE AMONG THE MOTHBALLS AND OTHER OLD JUNK I'VE ACCUMULATED OVER MY YEARS IN THE SERVICE.

I KNOW YOU'VE HAD A ROUGH TIME OF IT OF LATE, BUT IF THERE'S EVER ANYTHING YOU WOULD LIKE TO TALK ABOUT...

I APPRECIATE THE OFFER FATHER PETER...

BUT RIGHT NOW I'D RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT THE PAST. I'D LIKE TO LOOK FORWARD TO THE FUTURE...

AND GETTING TO KNOW THIS CONGREGATION OF YOURS YOU TALK SO HIGHLY OF.

YOU GOT IT, BUT ONE WORD OF FRIENDLY ADVICE... IF YOU WANT TO WIN THEM OVER, YOU MIGHT WANT TO DITCH THAT ***SOX*** CAP.

YOU'D HAVE A BETTER SHOT AT SELLING ME ON ***DARWINISM*** THAN ON THE ***EVIL EMPIRE*** KNOWN AS THE ***YANKEES.***

OUCH.

MEANWHILE...

GOODFOOD GROCERY

I WANT TO THANK YOU AND *FATHER PETE* FOR CHECKING UP ON ME. WITH TEGAN STILL IN THE HOSPITAL I COULD USE THE COMPANY.

SPEAKING OF *PETE*, HE'S SUCH A GOOD GUY... IS THAT YOUR MAN?

WHAT?! NO, *FATHER PETER* AND I ARE STRICTLY FRIENDS. BESIDES, HE'S MARRIED TO THE *LORD*.

WHAT A WASTE. HE'S A REAL CUTIE IN THAT INDIE ROCKER KIND OF WAY...

OOOO, CHECK IT OUT! I LOVE THESE TABLOIDS. THEY'RE SO GOOFY. I MEAN... *DEMON LIVING IN THE SUBURBS*... WHAT A TRIP, HUH?!

LET ME SEE THAT!

From the journal of Father Peter Clifton:
LORD, for years I have felt as if AVENGELYNE was placed in my life for a reason. During that time, I have experienced many of your miracles...

...and thought it was high time to start chronicling them. I guess it is best to start from the beginning...

WHU?

HELLO, FATHER PETER. I HAVE COME FOR AVENGELYNE. THERE ARE IMPORTANT MATTERS WE MUST DISCUSS.

PASSOVER!

I'M SORRY BUT *AVENGELYNE* IS NOT HERE AT THE MOMENT. PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO WAIT FOR HER?

I'VE JUST STARTED KEEPING A JOURNAL ON OUR RECENT ADVENTURES AND WOULD LOVE TO QUESTION YOU FOR IT.

FATHER PETER. YOU ARE A MAN OF GREAT DEVOTION. MY FATHER HAS PLACED AVENGELYNE IN YOUR CARE, SO PLEASE FEEL FREE TO ASK ME ANYTHING.

GREAT. FOR STARTERS, WHEN DID ANGELS START PACKING HEAT?

WHAT I HOLD IN MY HAND IS NO ORDINARY WEAPON. IT IS ONE OF THE...

...FIVE HOLY WEAPONS, EACH ONE REPRESENTS THE GRACE OF GOD.

I CARRY THE JESUS FIRE. IT REPRESENTS THE SON AND YOUR SINS FOR WHICH HE DIED FOR. I WIELD IT IN BATTLE WHILE SERVING THE WARHOST.

ANOTHER WEAPON REPRESENTED THE FATHER AND WAS FIRST HELD BY A BRAVE MAN FROM DETROIT. UNFORTUNATELY IT FELL INTO THE HANDS OF A SELFESH MONSTER AND HAS SINCE BEEN DESTROYED...

THE RED DRAGON BEARS THE WEAPON KNOWN AS LUCI-FIRE. ITS CREATION CAME UNDER A CURSE AND REPRESENTS MAN'S WEAKNESS, HELPLESSNESS, AND VANITY. THE DRAGON KEEPS IT LOCKED AWAY WAITING FOR THE RIGHT PERSON TO WIELD IT.

THE BLOODSPILLER WAS ONCE A WEAPON OF GREAT GOOD. REPRESENTING THE HOLY SPIRIT AND THE BLOODSHED OF JESUS CHRIST, IT FELL INTO THE HANDS OF CAIN, WHO WAS CURSED TO WALK THE EARTH AS A VAMPIRE. HE WAGERED THE WEAPON IN A GAME OF CHANCE AND LOST TO SOMEONE WITH AN EVEN GREATER BLOODLUST THAN HIS OWN.

FINALLY, WE HAVE THE SIX GUN SALVATION. IT REPRESENTS DIVINE STRENGTH AND WAS GIVEN TO A HALF MAN HALF DEMON WHO CLAWED HIS WAY OUT OF HELL. HE USES IT IN HIS BATTLE FOR REDEMPTION.

WOW, THIS IS FASCINATING. COULD I HOLD IT? FOR DOCUMENTATION PURPOSES OF COURSE.

PASSOVER!

AVENGELYNE, WHAT'S WRONG?

I WAS OUT SHOPPING WITH *HEAVEN* AND SAW THIS!

A SLEEPER DEMON IN CALIFORNIA? WE HAVE MORE PRESSING MATTERS TO DEAL WITH.

...I CAME TO TELL YOU MY CONCERNS WERE CORRECT. THE HORSEMEN ARE BACK ON EARTH.

THE HORSEMEN CAN WAIT. THERE'S A DEMON TO SEND BACK TO HELL!

AHHH, I HATE WHEN HE DOES THAT.

BOOF!

A SLEEPY LITTLE BEACH COMMUNITY IN *CALIFORNIA*...

I MUST RETTIRATI THI IMPORTANCI OI MY MISSION.

THE LAST TIME I CHECKED THE *HORSEMEN* WORKED FOR *FATHER*. IF THEY ARE MAKING THEIR PRESENCE FELT ON EARTH, IT IS ENTIRELY HIS DOING.

I PRAY YOU ARI RIGHT.

HMMM...

WHAT IS IT?

I DIDN'T EXPECT HIM TO LIVE IN THIS CUTE LITTLE HOUSE ON THE BEACH. SHOULD WE KNOCK?

DIMON PREPARE TO BE SENT BACK TO THE DARK ABYSS!

CRUSH!

PASSOVER, NOW!

FWOOSH!

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS WOMAN?! I'VE DONE NOTHING WRONG.

DO NOT TRY TO DECEIVE ME...

SERPENT?

GET BACK!

I am protected by your might, O gracious goddess, day and night.

STAND DOWN PAGAN OR TASTE THE FIRE OF A THOUSAND SINS!

THRICE AROUND THE CIRCLE'S BOUND, EVIL SINK...

PASSOVER WAIT! I DON'T THINK THE *IMP* MEANT ANY HARM. I THINK THIS HAS BEEN A BIG MISUNDERSTANDING.

BRAVO. SCORE ONE FOR STRIPPERELLA OVER THERE... BUT MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT, I'M NO *IMP*. AN IMP WOULDN'T BE WEARING A $5000 *VERSACE* SUIT.

I CAN SMELL THE STENCH OF EVIL ALL OVER YOU. WHAT DEMON LORD DO YOU SERVE?

WOULD YOU BELIEVE I ONCE SERVED *GOD*?

MEANWHILE BACK IN *NEW YORK*, *FATHER MICHAEL O'BANNON* GETS USE TO HIS NEW SURROUNDINGS...

And in local news...

TORMENT killer, NED CROWLEY, awaits trial for the series of brutal killings that plagued the city for weeks.

SIGH

A NEW CITY, BUT THE SAME TYPE OF EVIL OVERWHELMS THEM. TRULY THE DAYS OF WICKEDNESS ARE UPON US. MAY *GOD'S* VENGEANCE UPON YOU, *NED CROWLEY*, BE SWIFT.

CLICK

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL HOME, *SPELLCASTER.*

?

HOOT

PLEASE, MY FRIENDS CALL ME *SASHA.* NOW, HOW ABOUT SOME SUGAR FOR YOUR TEA?

THANK YOU... *PASSOVER?*

NO THANK YOU. I'M MORE INTERESTED IN THE DEMON'S STORY.

VERY WELL MY HEAVENLY FRIENDS... WHERE TO START? HMMM, I GUESS I SHOULD START WITH MY FAITH OR THE DAY I TRULY DISCOVERED IT....

"I ONCE WENT BY THE NAME FATHER JULIAN CROSWELL. I WORKED IN A CHURCH IN *HELL'S KITCHEN.*"

"ONE DAY I CAME ACROSS A GROUP OF YOUTHS TRYING TO SUMMON A DEMON NAMED *JAMMALANACHIAH.* I STOPPED THEM... "

"BUT AT A TERRIBLE COST. THE DEMON WAS LOOSE, BUT NEEDED A VESSEL. I COULDN'T LET HIM ROAM THE WORLD UNCHECKED SO I WELCOMED HIM INTO MY BODY."

THE DARKNESS RAGES WITHIN TRYING TO GAIN CONTROL, BUT I HAVE FAITH. FAITH IN MYSELF TO KEEP IT LOCKED AWAY.

"HOWEVER, THE DARK DAYS ARE COMING... AND WE'LL NEED MORE THAN OUR CONVICTIONS TO SURVIVE."

AGAIN, *I'M* REAL SORRY ABOUT THE MISUNDERSTANDING.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. IN THE CIRCLE I RUN WITH, IT SEEMS TO HAPPEN ALL THE TIME. I'M JUST SORRY YOU DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO MEET THE WHOLE *COVEN.*

CONTINUE YOUR WICCAN WAYS, PAGAN. AND I'M SURE WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

PASSOVER... COULD YOU BE ANY RUDER?

SPARE ME, AVENGELYNE. THERE WAS A DAY WHEN YOU WOULD HAVE STRUCK THEM DOWN FOR WORSHIPPING FALSE GODS.

SPELLCASTER SEEMED LIKE A GOOD PERSON.

I'M SURE FATHER WOULD DISAGREE. THE SACRIFICES OF PAGANS ARE OFFERED TO DEMONS. YOU CAN NOT DRINK FROM THE CUP OF THE LORD AND THE CUP OF A DEMON TOO.

AS AVENGELYNE AND PASSOVER MAKE THEIR WAY HOME, FATHER MICHAEL TOSSES IN HIS SLEEP AS A VOICE CALLS TO HIM...

MICHAEL can you hear me? It is your LORD. You have served me well, son.

You were always a good man, but you weren't always the strongest. I had to send you away to face death and more wickedness than any man should see.

It served you well. The battlefield prepared you for your mission.

You cleaned up the streets of your old home in the name of GOD. GOD to [illegible] vengeance beloweth.

[illegible] aken [illegible] [illegible] it is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

LATER...

AS FATHER MICHAEL RECEIVES HIS LATEST ORDERS, CTHULU CULTISTS TRY TO CLAIM THE NIGHT FOR THEIR OWN...

HELP!

SHUT YOUR HOLE AND HAND OVER THE PURSE, MRS. DOUBTFIRE.

P-P-PLEASE.

WAITAMINUTE... DID YOU HEAR THAT? WHO'S THERE?

I AM THE PRIEST. DO YOU BOYS HAVE ANY SINS YOU WOULD LIKE TO CONFESS?

IS THIS GUY FOR REAL? KILL HIM IN THE NAME OF WE WHO SHALL BE EATEN FIRST!

VENGEANCE IS MINE; I WILL REPAY, SAID THE *LORD*.

BLAM BLAM BLAM

BLAM BLAM BLAM

"EEE!

MA'AM, YOU ARE SAFE NOW. WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO WALK YOU HOME?

GET AWAY FROM ME!

IN THE DISTANCE, SOUNDS OF SIRENS MAKE THEIR PRESENCE FELT...

AS GOD'S INSTRUMENT OF VENGEANCE FLEES INTO THE NIGHT...

UNTIL HE FINDS REFUGE IN A FAMILIAR PLACE.

From the journal of FATHER PETER CLIFTON:

The WRAHOST is the LORD'S army of angels. AVENGELYNE once served as a member alongside PASSOVER and her brother, MICAH. Her family...

It's hard to imagine her life outside the NEW CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE. She has become an important part of the church and my life...

SMASH!

WHU?

IS SOMEONE THERE?

KRAK

UNHHH

THE NEXT MORNING...

HOLD UP!
THIS IS A POLICE CRIME SCENE. NO ONE WITH OUT THE PROPER AUTHORIZATION IS ALLOWED TO ENTER.

I'M WITH THE *OHS* DIVISION OF THE *DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE.* I THINK YOU'LL FIND MY *PENTAGON* ISSUED SECURITY CLEARANCE MORE THAN SUFFICIENT.

YES, SIR. MY APOLOGIES.

WHAT'D YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?

TRASK... SPECIAL AGENT DEVLIN TRASK WITH *OPERATION: HELLSTRIKE.*

TO BE CONTINUED...

ROB LIEFELD PRESENTS

EXTREME ORIGINS

HE IS A BOUNTY HUNTER FROM THE SPARSELY POPULATED PLANET OF *LUAP'UR*, WHOSE BLOODLUST...

IS ONLY MATCHED BY HIS RESPONSIBILITIES AT HOME.

DAD DAD DAD MONEY MONEY

THOUGH WHEN THE DOLDRUMS OF FAMILY LIFE GET HIM DOWN, HE SETS OUT ON HIS BIKE IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE AND THE NEXT PAYCHECK.

HIS PROWESS AS A BOUNTY HUNTER IS SECOND TO NONE.

BLAM!

HE'S EARNED HIS REPUTATION OFF THE HIDES OF THE GALAXY'S MOST VILE OUTLAWS, AS WELL AS HIS EPIC SPACE BATTLES WITH THE LIKES OF *SUPREME*.

CLICK!

HOWEVER, HE IS NO STRANGER TO *EARTH*. WHEN AN ALIEN HIRED HIM TO ACQUIRE AN ANGEL FOR HIS COLLECTION OF INTERGALACTIC SPECIMENS, HE WENT TOE TO TOE WITH *AVENGELYNE*.

ON ANOTHER ONE OF HIS VISITS, HE WOULD HAVE A RUN IN WITH THE VAMPIRE *CAIN* OVER A HIGH STAKES POKER GAME. *CAIN* WOULD WAGER HIS MOST PRIZED POSSESSION, THE *HOLY GUN* KNOWN AS THE *BLOODSPILLER*.

NOW THE WEAPON HAS FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF SOMEONE WHO CONSIDERS BLOODSHED A SPORT. IT HAS FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF...

BLOOD WULF

WRITER - *MARK POULTON*
ARTIST - *NATE REYNOLDS*
LETTERS - *DEXTER WEEKS*

image

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AVENGELYNE™

LIEFELD ✝ POULTON ✝ GIENI ✝ WEEKS

YACKEY

EXTREME™ PRESENTS

AVENGELYNE™

VENGEANCE HAS NEVER LOOKED THIS GOOD

OUR STORY THUS FAR:

ONCE A MEMBER OF THE ANGELIC ARMY KNOWN AS THE WARHOST, AVENGELYNE FELL FROM HER FATHER'S GRACE AFTER QUESTIONING HIS LOVE FOR HUMANS. SENT TO EARTH AS PUNISHMENT FOR HER SINS, SHE NOW LIVES AS A MORTAL DEFENDING THOSE SHE AT ONE TIME DID NOT THINK WORTHY. BATTLING THE RED DRAGON AND HIS FORCES OF EVIL, THIS FALLEN ANGEL IS DETERMINED TO LEAVE THE WORLD BETTER THAN SHE FOUND IT.

THE HAND OF GOD

Part 2 of 3

WRITER: MARK POULTON
ART\COLORS: OWEN GIENI
COLORS\LETTERS: DEXTER WEEKS
ADDITIONAL COLOR ASSIST: KAEZRER

COVER A ROB LIEFELD & MATT YACKEY
COVER B OWEN GIENI
COVER C JOHN STINSMAN

AVENGELYNE IS CREATED BY ROB LIEFELD & CATHY CHRISTIAN

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Jonathan Chan - senior production artist
Monica Garcia - production artist
Vincent Kukua - production artist
Jana Cook - production artist

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International Rights Representative: Christine Meyer (christine@gloystudio.com)

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WELL, NO MONEY WAS TAKEN, *PADRE*. OTHER THAN A BROKEN WINDOW AND A LUMP ON YOUR HEAD, I WOULD SAY YOU CAME OUT OF THIS PRETTY LUCKY.

POLICE

IF YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING ELSE THAT MIGHT HELP, GIVE THE PRECINCT A CALL.

WILL DO AND *GOD BLESS.*

WHU...

AVENGELYNE...
OUCH

FATHER PETER...
YOUR HEAD. WHAT HAPPENED?

I'M FINE. WE HAD A LITTLE BREAK IN LAST NIGHT. THERE WAS ALSO A SHOOTING A COUPLE OF BLOCKS AWAY, BUT THE POLICE DON'T SEEM TO THINK IT'S RELATED.

THEY SAID THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT? YOU POOR THING. YOU NEED TO TAKE IT EASY...

PASSOVER, GET FATHER PETER SOME MORE ICE.

EXCUSE ME? YOU SAID AFTER YOUR LITTLE DEMON HUNTING GOOSE CHASE WAS OVER, WE WOULD SEE ABOUT THE HORSE...

KNOCK KNOCK

HELLO? ANYONE HOME?

FATHER MICHAEL! WHAT A SURPRISE! I FORGOT YOU WERE STOPPING BY. ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU TO MY TWO...

I MEAN ONE FRIEND, AVENGELYNE.

HIYA.

AVENGELYNE, IT'S NICE TO FINALLY PUT A FACE WITH THE NAME. FATHER PETER TALKS ABOUT YOU ALL THE TIME AND NOW I SEE WHY.

IS THIS A BAD TIME? I FEEL AS IF I WALKED IN ON SOMETHING.

AND REMEMBER TO TAKE IT EASY, *FATHER PETER.* THAT'S WHY I ARRANGED FOR YOU TO HAVE COMPANY.

IT WOULD APPEAR WE HAVE ANOTHER VISITOR TO CONTEND WITH FIRST.

HEY *AVENGELYNE,* LONG TIME NO SEE.

DEVLIN! IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU. I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO MY FRIEND, *BROTHER AZRAEL.*

THERE'S NO NEED TO LIE, OR DID YOU FORGET I'M HALF DEMON? I CAN SMELL AN ANGEL A MILE AWAY. IT SORT OF SMELLS LIKE LILAC AND RIGHTEOUSNESS.

WATCH IT, DEMON...

CAN THE CHATTER, *CLARENCE.* I'M HERE ON GOVERNMENT BUSINESS.

WHEN DID YOU START WORKING FOR THE GOVERNMENT?

IT'S A LONG STORY...

NO, IT'S JUST BUSINESS AS USUAL AT THE *NEW CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE.*

HMMM... INTERESTING.

ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU AROUND.

I CAN'T WAIT. ***AVENGELYNE,*** IT WAS A PLEASURE. WE'LL HAVE TO GET TOGETHER SOMETIME SO YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT EXACTLY IT IS YOU DO AROUND HERE.

THAT WAS CREEPY.

CREEPY? I DID NOT SENSE ANYTHING SINISTER. IF THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE CONCERNED ABOUT.

PASSOVER!

YOU HAVE TO STOP POPPING IN AND OUT OF PLACES LIKE THAT! IF YOU'RE GOING TO REMAIN ON EARTH, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LEARN TO BLEND IN.

IN FACT, I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA.

'SIGH'

MOMENTS LATER...

I LOVE IT!

THIS IS EMBARRASSING. I COULD ONLY IMAGINE WHAT THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE WARHOST WOULD THINK.

AVENGELYNE... OH, I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU HAD COMPANY.

THAT'S NOT COMPANY, *FATHER PETER*. IT'S *PASSOVER* IN HIS NEW CIVILIAN IDENTITY, *BROTHER AZRAEL!* WHAT DO YOU THINK?

TELL HER I LOOK RIDICULOUS.

ACTUALLY, YOU KIND OF PULL IT OFF... BUT WE'LL HAVE TO DISCUSS FASHION ANOTHER TIME. *AVEGELYNE*, I JUST WANTED TO APOLOGIZE FOR *FATHER MICHAEL*. HE'S A LITTLE ROUGH AROUND THE EDGES.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN. I KNOW YOU SAID HE HAD IT ROUGH AS OF LATE.

ANYWAY, *PASSOVER* AND I ARE OFF TO INVESTIGATE THE *FOUR HORSEMEN*, SO WE'LL BE OUT OF YOUR HAIR.

HOWEVER, YOU'RE STILL HURT AND I THINK YOU SHOULD BE LOOKED AFTER WHILE I'M GONE. I CALLED SOMEONE TO COME OVER.

THAT'S NOT NECESSARY.

I INSIST.

... THAT STARTED WITH MY FATHER, *LORD B'LIALE*, IN HIS HUMAN GUISE AS *ALEXANDER BELISLE*, STRIKING A DEAL WITH A GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEE BY THE NAME OF *GRAVES*.

MY FATHER WOULD SUPPLY HIM WITH DEMON *DNA* TO CREATE A NEW BREED OF SUPER SOLDIERS. IN EXCHANGE, *HELL* WOULD GET THE SOULS OF THE SOLDIERS GRANTED THIS DEMONIC GIFT.

MY FATHER SWEETENED THE DEAL AND OFFERED HIS FIRST BORN. I MEAN, WHO BETTER TO LEAD A TEAM OF HALF DEMONS THAN ANOTHER HALFBREED?

THE GOVERNMENT PULLED TOGETHER A MOTLEY CREW OF RECRUITS WHO BASICALLY HAD NO ALTERNATIVE THAN TO TAKE THEM UP ON THE PROCEDURE.

WE WENT BY THE NAME *OPERATION: HELLSTRIKE* AND SPECIALIZED IN MISSIONS A LITTLE TOO SPOOKY FOR THEIR *KNIGHTSTRIKE* PROGRAM.

DEVLIN

REVERB

VAGABOND

POUNDCAKE

OUTLAW

EVENTUALLY THOUGH, THE TEAM WENT THEIR SEPARATE WAYS. SOME FOUND A NEW HOME IN *HELL*, WHEN THEIR CHIPS WERE CASHED IN. AND OTHERS, LIKE MYSELF, JUST DISAPPEARED.

THAT IS UNTIL THE GOVERNMENT TRACKED ME DOWN AND LET ME KNOW IT WAS IN MY BEST INTEREST TO RETURN TO DUTY.

AND THAT'S WHY I'M BACK IN *NEW YORK, OHS* BELIEVES LAST NIGHT'S KILLINGS WERE SUPERNATURAL RELATED. I WAS HOPING YOU COULD GIVE ME A HAND.

HOW'S THAT?!

DEMON DNA?! HOW COULD YOU ALLOW THIS? OF ALL THE STUPID THINGS...

PLEASE AVENGELYNE. IT'S NOT AS BLACK AND WHITE AS YOU THINK. BESIDES, I WAS YOUNG AND HE WAS MY FATHER. IF YOU RECALL, QUESTIONING YOUR FATHER DIDN'T WORK OUT SO WELL FOR YOU.

HOW DARE YOU?!

AVENGELYNE, WAIT. I DIDN'T MEAN IT.

WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO SHOOT HIM? I'D BE MORE THAN HAPPY TO.

LET'S JUST GET OUT OF HERE.

DAMN.

MINUTES LATER, IN A BACK ALLEY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CITY...

I MISS *FLOWERS*... HE WAS ONE OF US, *MAN*. *HICCUP*

SHADDUP! I'M TRYING TO SLEEP.

SO THIS IS WHAT THE MIGHTY HORSEMEN HAVE BEEN RELEGATED TO...

...WINOS LIVING IN THE BOWELS OF THE CITY? I'M SORRY, *PASSOVER*, BUT I THINK YOU ARE MISTAKEN.

HA HA HA

HEY *PRINCESS*, I SEE YOU GOT THE OLD BODY BACK. LOOKIN' GOOD. BLONDE... BRUNETTE... IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE THOUGH: YOU'RE STILL ONE STUPID...

STILL YOUR TONGUE, MAGGOT...

OR PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO SEE THE TRUE FACE OF DEATH!

WHOA, HOLD UP!

YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE *PASSOVER*. HE'S BEEN A LITTLE IRRITABLE LATELY. BUT I THINK YOU CAN CLEAR THIS UP EASILY ENOUGH. IF YOU TRULY ARE THE HORSEMEN, WHERE EXACTLY ARE YOUR HORSES?

OH, THEY'RE HERE. THIS AIN'T EXACTLY THE BOARDING STABLES OF THE *APOCALYPSE* THOUGH, SO THEY PREFER TO KEEP A LOWER PROFILE THAN OURSELVES.

HEAVENLY FATHER...

YOUR POP HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH US THIS TIME.

EXPLAIN YOURSELF.

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN SWEET ON THE FALLEN ONE, SO WHY THE HELL NOT.

"WHEN YOUR DEAR OLD DAD NEEDED SOME PUNISHMENT DEALT OUT, WE WERE HIS GO TO GUYS. THE LAMB OPENED THE SEALS AND IT WAS ON."

"WE WERE RIDERS OF JUDGMENT AND WE DID OUR JOBS WELL."

"BUT ONCE WE WERE DONE, THERE WAS NO SLAP ON THE BACK. NO PAT ON THE ASS. JUST LOCKED BACK UP AND SEALED WITHIN OUR TOMBS LIKE A BUNCH OF MONSTERS."

THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU. DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE BEING IMPRISONED FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS? IT MAKES YOU BITTER, AND WE WEREN'T THE MOST PLEASANT GROUP TO BEGIN WITH.

FUNNY THING IS, THE SEALS WERE OPENED AGAIN AND *DADDY* DON'T KNOW ABOUT IT.

YOU SEE, THE *DRAGON'S* GOT A PLAN AND IT'S GOING ON RIGHT UNDER YOUR NOSES. IF YOU LISTEN, YOU CAN ACTUALLY HEAR THE WINDS OF WICKEDNESS CALLING.

COME AVENGELYNE. LET'S GO. WE'VE GOT THE ANSWERS WE WERE LOOKING FOR. THEY CAN NOT DO ANY HARM TO THE EARTH YET.

THE BIG MAN'S RIGHT. BUT COME JUDGMENT DAY, WE'LL BE READY AND THERE'S GOING TO BE *HELL TO PAY.*

BACK AT THE *NEW CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE...*

AHEM...

WHY AREN'T YOU IN BED, *MISTER?*

OH... HEY, *HEAVEN.* I THINK *AVENGELYNE* MAY HAVE EXAGGERATED THE EXTENT OF MY INJURIES. OTHER THAN AN EGG ON MY HEAD, I'M FINE.

AND SCORE ONE FOR THE CHURCH. YOU ARE OFFICIALLY THE FIRST PERSON TO REJECT MY OFFER TO GET THEM INTO BED.

OH... WELL, UMMM...

RELAX, *PETE.* I WAS JUST KIDDING.

EXCUSE ME...

I HOPE I'M NOT INTERRUPTING ANYTHING.

NO, NOT AT ALL. *FATHER MICHAEL,* THIS IS *HEAVEN.*

I'M TAKING CARE OF *PETE* TONIGHT WHILE *AVENGELYNE* IS OUT.

I BET.

FATHER PETER, I WAS JUST CHECKING IN ON YOU BEFORE CALLING IT A NIGHT, BUT I SEE YOU'RE IN CAPABLE HANDS.

WOW, WHAT A HARD ASS, HUH?

HE'S A BIT INTIMIDATING, YES.

MICHAEL your LORD is calling.

UNHHH...

The wicked need to be struck down. Be my instrument of vengeance...

...and cleanse this city.

COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE...

BINGO.

BREEP! BREEP!

ACCORDING TO THESE READINGS, HE SHOULD BE JUST A FEW BUILDINGS AWAY.

AND WITH THAT, THE HALF DEMON/HALF ANGEL, *DEVLIN*, SPRINGS INTO ACTION LEAPING FROM ROOFTOP TO ROOFTOP.

BREEP! BREEP!

THE TRACKER IS GOING CRAZY!

I SHOULD BE RIGHT ON TOP OF HIM. WHATEVER IS GOING ON, THERE'S DEFINITELY SOME SERIOUS SUPERNATURAL ENERGIES INVOLVED.

OR MAYBE JUST HEAVENLY.

DAMN IT, *AVENGELYNE!* WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WE CAME TO HELP.

THIS MORNING YOU COULDN'T GIVE ME THE TIME OF DAY. MAKE UP YOUR MIND!

I'VE BEEN KEEPING TABS ON YOUR CITY SINCE I REJOINED *OHS*. YOU MAY HAVE BEEN ABLE TO FOOL THE POLICE, BUT I KNOW ABOUT THE *DRAGON!*

NOW, WITNESSES CLAIM A PAINTED UP, SCRIPTURE QUOTING VIGILANTE IS TURNING CRIMINALS INTO SWISS CHEESE. *WHAT'S GOING ON?!*

SUDDENLY, THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE ECHOES THROUGHOUT THE CITY.

DID YOU HEAR THAT? GUNSHOTS LESS THAN A KLICK AWAY.

I THINK EVEN THE WORDHOST HEARD THAT.

WE NEED TO PUT OUR DIFFERENCES ASIDE FOR THE TIME BEING AND WORK TOGETHER.

JUST REMEMBER WHO'S RUNNING THIS OPERATION!

CONFESSION CLEANSES YOUR SINS. DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING YOU WOULD LIKE TO TELL THE *PRIEST?*

YOU'RE CRAZY, *MAN!*

WHO DARES INTERFERES WITH THE *LORD'S* WILL?

I DO NOT THINK OUR FATHER WOULD WANT CREDIT FOR THIS.

FATHER MICHAEL?

DO NOT QUESTION MY DEVOTION!

RIAM RIAM BLAM

I FEAR MY *LORD* AND SERVE HIM FAITHFULLY!

RIAM RIAM BLAM

PASSOVER, HIT HIM HIGH! *DEVLIN,* I'VE GOT YOU COVERED. HE'S OBVIOUSLY SICK SO TRY NOT TO HARM HIM.

UNHFFF!

WHACK

FEAR THE WRATH AND ANGER OF MY *LORD,* FOR HIS ANGER IS ENOUGH TO DESTROY YOU!

BLAM

DO NOT CONFUSE YOUR ANGER WITH OUR FATHER'S. FOR MAN'S ANGER DOES NOT BRING ABOUT THE RIGHTEOUS LIFE THAT HE DESIRES.

STAND DOWN, FATHER MICHAEL!

SCREECH!

KLICK

EAGH!

BARROOM

PASSOVER! ARE YOU OK?

I'M FINE. JUST A LITTLE RATTLED. GO ON WITHOUT ME.

UNHFFF!

WHAT TYPE OF *GOD* ORDERS YOU TO KILL?

MY *LORD* IS AN AVENGING *GOD*...

MY *LORD* TAKES VENGEANCE ON HIS FOES AND MAINTAINS HIS WRATH AGAINST HIS ENEMIES.

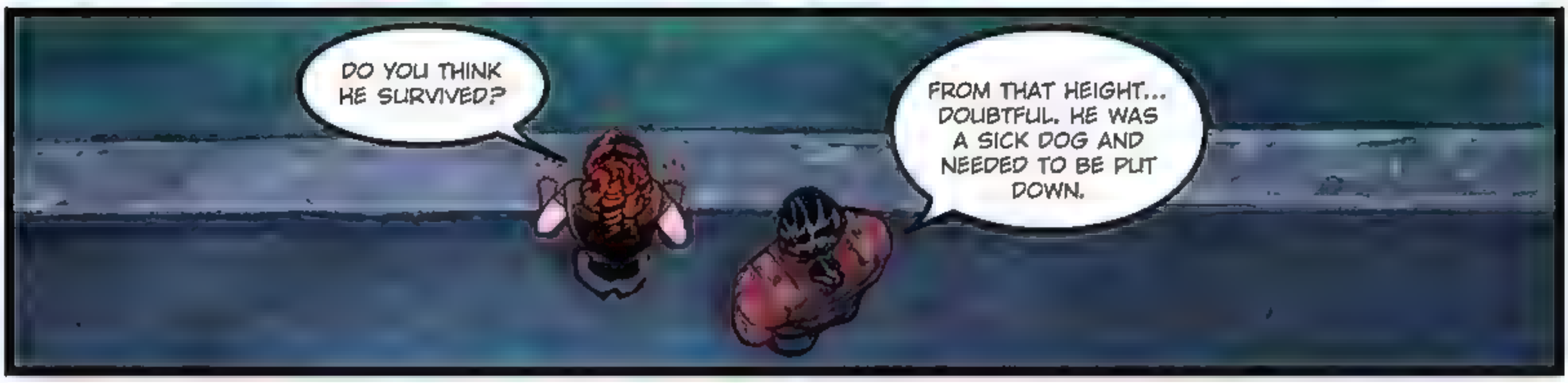
NO!

DEVLIN, WAIT! HE'S SICK!

WHACK

FEED!

FATHER MICHAEL!


DO YOU THINK HE SURVIVED?
FROM THAT HEIGHT... DOUBTFUL. HE WAS A SICK DOG AND NEEDED TO BE PUT DOWN.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?!
HEY, EASE UP!
THERE WAS A GOOD MAN SOMEWHERE IN THERE, BUT YOU JUST NONCHALANTLY KILLED HIM! HAS THE DEMONIC SIDE OF YOU TAKEN OVER?

ENOUGH! AVENGELYNE, MY ASSESSMENT OF FATHER MICHAEL FARLIER WAS WRONG. THE MAN WAS CLEARLY POSSESSED...
"... AND I BELIEVE TOO FAR GONE TO BE SAVED."
IS HE ALWAYS SO DRAMATIC?
BOOF!
PRETTY MUCH.

I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT *PASSOVER* SAID IS TRUE. NO ONE IS TOO FAR GONE TO BE SAVED.

"I ONLY HOPE *FATHER MICHAEL* HAS FINALLY FOUND SOME PEACE."

TO BE CONTINUED...

ROB LIEFELD PRESENTS

EXTREME ORIGINS

WRITER - MARK POULTON
ART-COLOR - CHRIS STEININGER
LETTERS - DEXTER WEEKS

THE *BOOK OF REVELATION* TELLS OF A SCROLL IN *GOD'S* RIGHT HAND THAT WAS PROTECTED WITH SEVEN SEALS.

WHEN THE FIRST FOUR OF THESE SEALS WERE BROKEN...

FOUR RIDERS WERE SUMMONED FROM THEIR TOMBS.

THEY WERE GOD'S HARBINGERS OF THE LAST JUDGMENT AND BROUGHT MUCH MISERY UNTO MAN WITH THEM.

THEIR DIVINE RULING LEFT A TRAIL OF WRETCHEDNESS THE LIKES OF WHICH HAVE NEVER BEEN SEEN SINCE.

ONCE DONE WITH THEIR MISSION, THE HORSEMEN RETURNED HOME LOCKED WITHIN THEIR TOMBS.

HOWEVER, THE SEALS HAVE BEEN RE-OPENED.

THEY NOW WALK THE EARTH IN A MUCH DIFFERENT FORM, BUT WHY THEY ARE HERE REMAINS A MYSTERY.

THEY ARE CONQUEST, WAR, FAMINE, AND DEATH.

THEY ARE THE...

FOUR HORSEMEN

image

6

AVENGELYNE

LIEFELD POULTON GIENI WEEKS

EXTREME™ PRESENTS

AVENGELYNE™

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THE MORNING LIGHT BRINGS UPON A NEW DAY...

AS A MAN AND HIS BEST FRIEND ENJOY A WALK...

AND TAKE IN THE BEAUTY OF *GOD'S* HANDIWORK.

OH MY GOD! IT'S HER! RUN, MAXIMUS!

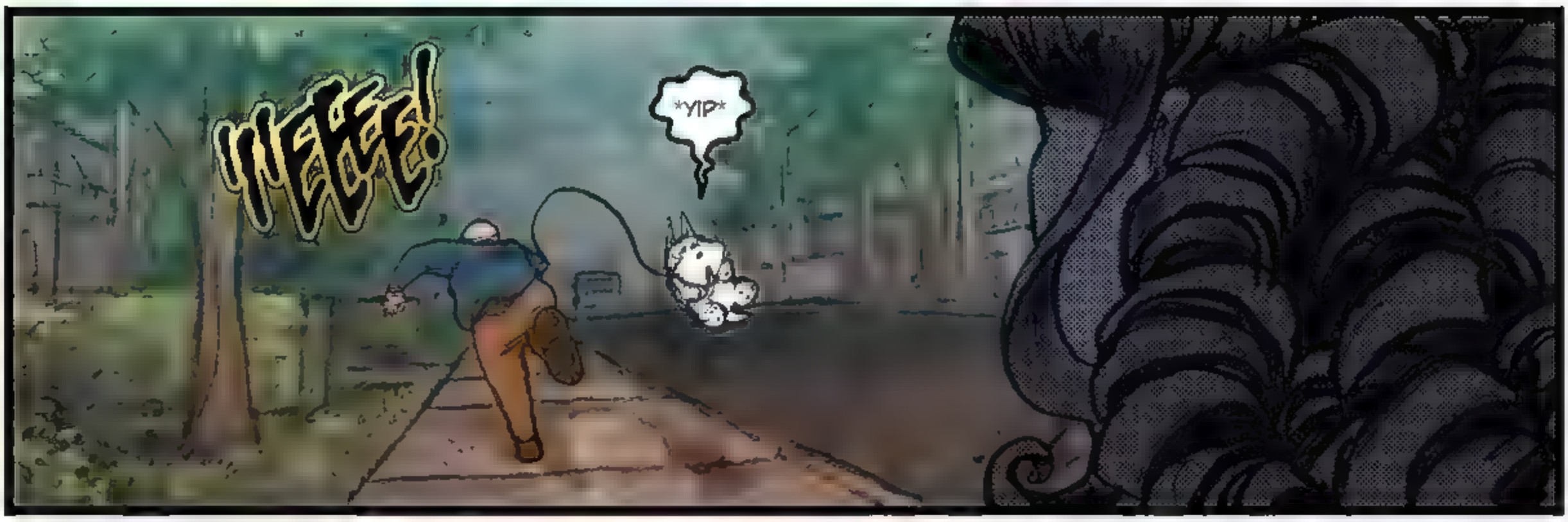
?

THE HAND OF GOD

Part 3 of 3

ANGELA

CREATED BY
ROB LIEFELD & CATHY CHRISTIAN
WRITER - MARK POULTON
ART- COLORS - OWEN GIENI
COLORS LETTERS - DEXTER WEEKS


WEEE!
YIP

THAT WAS ODD.
I SEE YOU STILL DRIVE THE MEN WILD.

I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT I'M GOING TO TELL *FATHER PETER.*
WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO COME IN WITH YOU?
NO, I THINK IT WOULD BE BEST IF I TOLD HIM MYSELF.

WELL, I HAVE TO REPORT BACK TO *HQ* TOMORROW. I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU OUT TO DINNER BEFORE I GO. IT'S THE LEAST I COULD DO CONSIDERING HOW THINGS TURNED OUT.
I'D LIKE THAT.

GREAT. MAYBE WE COULD SEAL THE DEAL WITH A KISS.

SLAM!
REAL SMOOTH, *DEVLIN.*

SIGH
BOYS...

IF ONLY BOY PROBLEMS WERE MY BIGGEST CONCERN. I'M NOT SURE HOW I'M GOING TO BREAK THE NEWS TO...

FATHER PETER?

HEY, HEY. GOOD MORNING, ***AVENGELYNE.*** I WAS JUST ON MY WAY UPSTAIRS TO SEE IF YOU WERE AWAKE.

I HAVE SOME FRESH BREWED HERBAL TEA IF YOU'RE INTERESTED. I LIKE TO THINK OF IT AS GOD'S REMEDY TO THE MORNING BLAHS.

FATHER PETER, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU THIS OTHER THAN COME RIGHT OUT AND SAY IT... BUT FATHER MICHAEL IS DEAD.

DEAD?

THAT'S FUNNY. I JUST GOT OFF THE PHONE WITH HIM MINUTES AGO AND HE SEEMED PERFECTLY HEALTHY.

HE SURVIVED THE FALL!

WHAT FALL? AVENGELYNE, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

FATHER MICHAEL IS POSSESSED. PASSOVER AND I HELPED DEVLIN TRACK HIM LAST NIGHT.

HE'S THE ONE WHO HAS BEEN KILLING CRIMINALS. HE THINKS HE IS GOD'S INSTRUMENT OF VENGEANCE.

I KNEW FATHER MICHAEL WAS TROUBLED, BUT I HAD NO IDEA THE EXTENT.

ON THE PHONE, HE SAID HE WOULD TAKE MY DUTIES FOR THE DAY WHILE I RECOVERED. I'LL HEAD TO HIS APARTMENT. YOU CHECK...

"... ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S MENTAL HOSPITAL. HE WAS GOING TO VISIT *TEGAN.*"

GOOD MORNING, MA'AM. YOU MIGHT WANT TO GET COVER. IT LOOKS LIKE A STORM IS COMING.

SCREW YOU AND BIG PAPI!

EXCUSE ME, *TEGAN.*

MY NAME IS *FATHER MICHAEL.* *FATHER PETER* COULDN'T MAKE IT TODAY, SO I'M HELPING HIM OUT.

OH, HEY.

WHAT SEEMS TO BE TROUBLING YOU, CHILD?

IT'S NOTHING...

NONSENSE. YOUR SORROW IS PRACTICALLY WRITTEN ALL OVER YOUR FACE. I'M A *PRIEST.* IF YOU CAN'T CONFIDE IN ME, WHO CAN YOU CONFIDE IN?

IT'S JUST...

EVERYONE THINKS I'M CRAZY, BUT I KNOW WHAT I SAW THAT NIGHT. I SAW DEMONS AND A WINGED DEVIL.

IT WAS HORRIBLE.

I BELIEVE YOU.

YOU... YOU DO?

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU DON'T THINK I'M LOONEY TUNES LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF DARKNESS. THERE ARE MALEVOLENT THINGS AT WORK THAT MOST MEN AND WOMEN WOULD RATHER BRUSH UNDER THE CARPET.

HOWEVER, TO IGNORE EVIL IS TO BECOME ITS ACCOMPLICE.

REMEMBER THIS... ALTHOUGH EVIL IS ALL AROUND US, OUR LORD IS THERE TO GUIDE US INTO THE LIGHT.

FATHER MICHAEL, WAIT!

WHAT IS IT, MY CHILD?

AS *FATHER MICHAEL* CONCLUDES HIS VISIT...

... A NEW GUEST IS ABOUT TO TAKE HIS PLACE.

FATHER PETER, I'M AT *ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S.*

I CAN'T BELIEVE AFTER FALLING OVER *100* HUNDRED FEET INTO AN ICY RIVER, *FATHER MICHAEL* HAS THE STRENGTH TO DO YOUR DUTIES.

HE'S ALWAYS BEEN HIGHLY COMMITTED.

HE NEEDS TO BE COMMITTED ALRIGHT. HOW ARE THINGS ON YOUR END? ANY LEADS?

I'M OUTSIDE HIS BUILDING NOW. I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHAT I FIND. BE SAFE.

FATHER MICHAEL'S APARTMENT

HELLO? FATHER MICHAEL, ARE YOU THERE? IT'S FATHER PETER.

OH... THIS CAN'T BE GOOD.

WHEN HE IMPLIED HE HAD A FEW SKELETONS IN HIS CLOSET, I HAD NO IDEA THEY WERE OF THE 50 CALIBER VARIETY.

CLEARLY, THE OTHER MEN IN THIS PHOTO WERE NOT PART OF HIS PASTORAL GROUP.

I THINK IT'S SAFE TO SAY, FATHER MICHAEL WAS MORE THAN A CHAPLAIN IN THE SERVICE.

I ONLY PRAY THERE ARE NOT MORE SURPRISES BEHIND THIS DOOR.

OH MY...

NYPD, 9TH PRECINCT

COME ON, *CROWLEY*, YOU'VE GOT A VISITOR.

ANOTHER *SERVANT* OF THE *LORD*? WHEN WILL THEY LEARN I DO NOT SPEAK TO THE MESSENGER, ONLY THE MASTER?

I NOTICE *FATHER PETER* COULD NOT MAKE IT TODAY.

HAVE YOU COME TO OFFER ME REDEMPTION IN HIS ABSENCE?

I'M SORRY TO INFORM YOU, BUT THERE IS NO RANSOM GREAT ENOUGH TO BUY YOUR SALVATION.

NO, INSTEAD I AM HERE TO DELIVER YOU FROM EVIL.

I'M REMINDED OF *PSALM 94:23*...

WHERE *GOD* TURNS THE SINS OF EVIL PEOPLE BACK ON THEM. HE DESTROYS THEM FOR THEIR SINS. HE WILL WIPE OUT THEIR...

WICKEDNESS?

YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD.

UNHFFF...

HE'S HERE!

DELIVER ME TO HIM!

MICHAEL...

MY LORD?

Fear not, my child. I am your GOD. Surrender to me
and I will strengthen you.

I SURRENDER.

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S MENTAL HOSPITAL...

FATHER PETER, IT'S AVENGELYNE. I STRUCK OUT AT THE MENTAL HOSPITAL.

ANY IDEA WHERE HE MIGHT BE HEADED NEXT?

I THINK I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA.

HE WAS OBSESSED WITH THE KILLER, TORMENT. I WOULD SUGGEST THE POLICE PRECINCT.

OH PETER... I FEAR THE DARK DAYS SCRATCH AND THE HORSEMEN HAVE BEEN WARNING US ABOUT ARE ROLLING IN. IF IT IS INDEED TRUE...

"SAY A PRAYER FOR US ALL."

WELL?

NED CROWLEY, AS A CHOSEN OFFICER IN MY GOD'S SERVICE...

I SENTENCE YOU TO...

DEATH!

WHAT THE *HELL*?!
WE'VE GOT SHOTS COMING FROM THE REAR OF THE PRECINCT.

May all who rise up against you be trampled.

MY *GOD* HAS EQUIPPED ME WITH STRENGTH AND MADE MY WAY BLAMELESS.

HE MADE MY FEET LIKE THE FEET OF A DEER AND SET ME SECURE ON THE HEIGHTS.

GET DOWN!

AND HE TRAINED MY HANDS FOR WAR, SO THAT MY ARMS COULD BEND A BOW OF BRONZE.

PASSOVER, WHERE ARE YOU? OF ALL THE TIMES TO SKIP OUT...

I COULD REALLY USE YOUR HELP.

HMMM...

NOW CALLING...

HEY *AVENGELYNE*, DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE RECONSIDERING THAT KISS.

NO TIME FOR JOKES, *DEVLIN*. *PASSOVER'S* MISSING AND I NEED YOUR HELP.

FATHER MICHAEL'S STILL ALIVE.

AND HE'S ON HIS WAY TO KILL TORMENT---

GASP WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

AVENGELYNE? WHAT'S GOING ON? ARE YOU STILL THERE?

ON THE OPPOSITE END OF TOWN, EVERY AVAILABLE SQUAD CAR RACES TOWARDS THE 9TH PRECINCT.

OHS COMMAND, THIS IS *SPECIAL AGENT DEVLIN TRASK*. PATCH ME THROUGH TO *GRAVES*.

SIR, I THINK IT'S TIME WE CALLED IN THE WAR DOGS

EPILOGUE

IN THE ABSENCE OF *GOD*, LIES A KINGDOM.

IT IS NOT A FIERY ABYSS, BUT A SPIRITUAL PLACE OF *TORMENT*...

AND TONIGHT IT WELCOMES HOME ITS FUTURE KING.

RISE, MY APPRENTICE.

"AND TAKE YOUR PLACE AS THE RIGHTFUL SON OF THE NEW DAWN."

AS YOU COMMAND MY *LORD* AND *MASTER*.

20
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7

AVALYNE™

LIEFELD ✦ POULTON ✦ GIENI ✦ WEEKS

EXTREME™

AVENGELYNE™

VENGEANCE HAS NEVER LOOKED THIS GOOD

OUR STORY THUS FAR:

ONCE A MEMBER OF THE ANGELIC ARMY KNOWN AS THE WARHOST, AYENGELYNE FELL FROM HER FATHER'S GRACE AFTER QUESTIONING HIS LOVE FOR HUMANS. SENT TO EARTH AS PUNISHMENT FOR HER SINS, SHE NOW LIVES AS A MORTAL DEFENDING THOSE SHE AT ONE TIME DID NOT THINK WORTHY. BATTLING THE RED DRAGON AND HIS FORCES OF EVIL, THIS FALLEN ANGEL IS DETERMINED TO LEAVE THE WORLD BETTER THAN SHE FOUND IT.

THE HUNT PART 1

WRITER: MARK POULTON
ART\COLORS: OWEN GIENI
COLORS\LETTERS: DEXTER WEEKS

FRONT COVER ROB LIEFELD & ANDY TROY
BACK COVER DAVE BULLOCK & DEXTER WEEKS

AYENGELYNE IS CREATED BY ROB LIEFELD & CATHY CHRISTIAN

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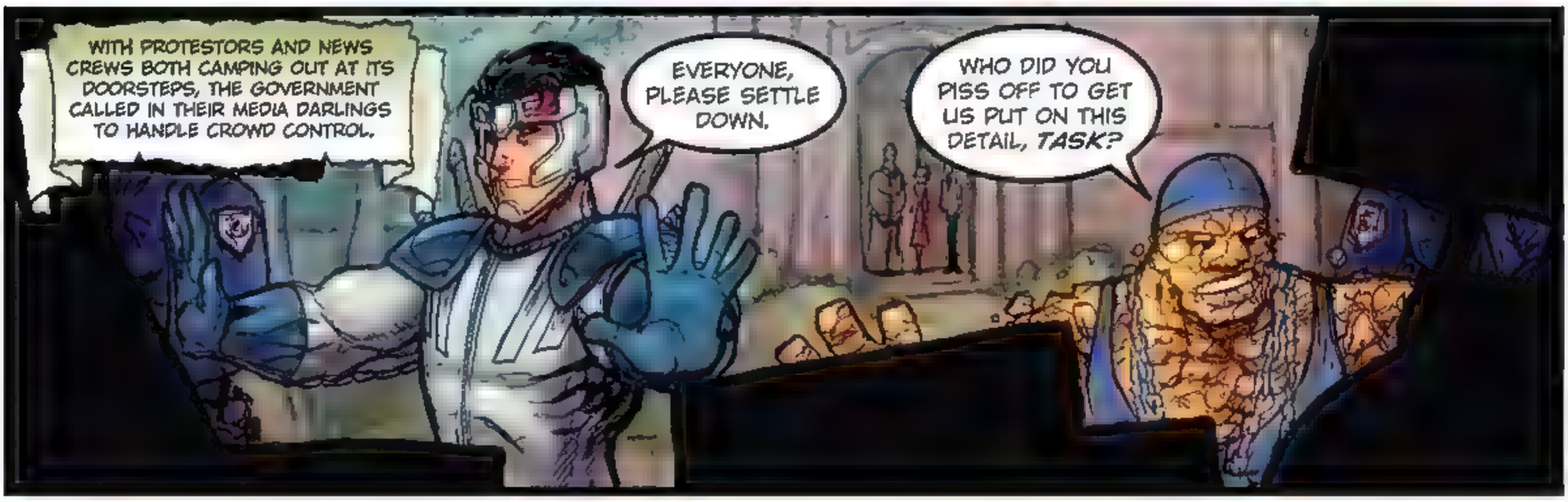
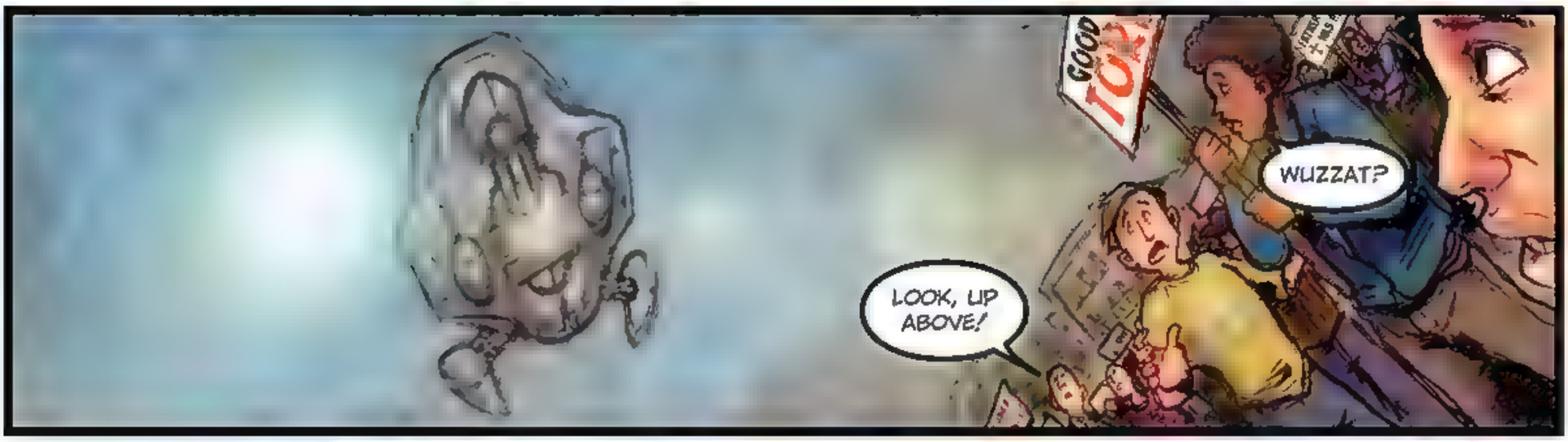
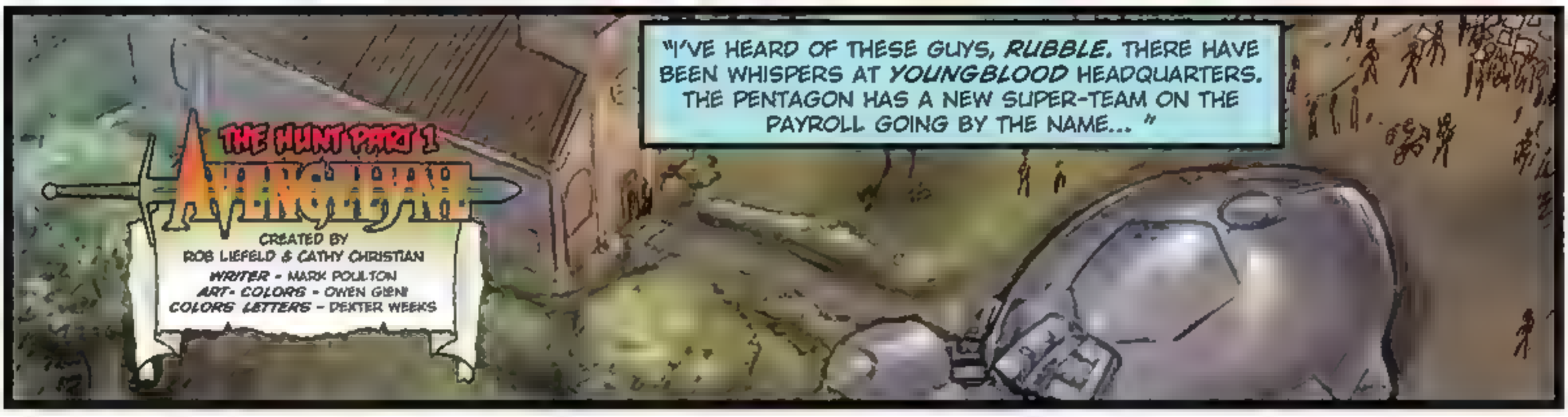
GUNS
AFTER FATHER MICHAEL EXECUTED THE TORMENT KILLER, NED CROWLEY, AND 27 ON DUTY POLICE OFFICERS, THE NEW CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE HAS BEEN A 24/7 MEDIA EVENT.


WITH PROTESTORS AND NEWS CREWS BOTH CAMPING OUT AT ITS DOORSTEPS, THE GOVERNMENT CALLED IN THEIR MEDIA DARLINGS TO HANDLE CROWD CONTROL.
EVERYONE, PLEASE SETTLE DOWN.
WHO DID YOU PISS OFF TO GET US PUT ON THIS DETAIL, TASK?
KEEP SMILING, RUBBLE, AND REMEMBER THINGS COULD BE A HELL OF LOT WORSE.
I THINK IT JUST GOT WORSE. DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT WE GOT COMPANY.


GOOD TOY?
WUZZAT?
LOOK, UP ABOVE!


THE HUNT PART 1
YOUNGBLOOD
CREATED BY
ROB LIEFELD & CATHY CHRISTIAN
WRITER - MARK POULTON
ART - COLORS - OWEN GIENI
COLORS LETTERS - DEXTER WEEKS
"I'VE HEARD OF THESE GUYS, RUBBLE. THERE HAVE BEEN WHISPERS AT YOUNGBLOOD HEADQUARTERS. THE PENTAGON HAS A NEW SUPER-TEAM ON THE PAYROLL GOING BY THE NAME... "

WAR DOGS

deceased OLYMPIC boxer who was brought back to life by his mad scientist father. the more punishment his body takes, the stronger he gets.

the team's portly teleporter is as narcissistic as he is cowardly.

STEP ASIDE GOVERNMENT LAP DOGS AND MAKE WAY FOR THE *WAR DOGS!*

as the seventh clone of BRIGADE member LETHAL, this child aged government assassin is the deadliest girl on the playground.

field leader of the WAR DOGS. in exchange for his soul, this human was gifted with demonic DNA as part of OPERATION: HELLSTAKE.

a totaled SUV possessed by the spirit of his deceased driver.

this 3,000 year old beasting comes from the same race of creatures as YOUNGBLOOD member TROLL. He uses his vast experience and expertise of the black arts to strategize the WAR DOGS' battle plans.

part human, part ORKARRAN. Unlike YOUNGBLOOD'S COUGAR, this former scientist was not a natural hybrid, but the result of his own genetic tampering of human and ORKARRAN DNA.

GET A LOAD OF THESE FREAKS. . NO OFFENSE, *RUBBLE.*

WHATTAYOU JERKS, DOIN' HERE?!

THIS IS A *YOUNGBLOOD* OPERATION!

IT WAS. WE'RE HERE TO ISSUE YOU YOUR WALKING PAPERS.

THE THREAT HAS BEEN DEEMED SUPERNATURAL IN NATURE AND FALLS INTO OUR JURISDICTION.

LET'S NOT MAKE THIS A PISSING MATCH.

YO *VAGABOND*, YOU DON'T WANNA GET INTO A PISSING MATCH WITH A GUY NAMED *SHAFT*.

SHAFT? ARE YOU SERIOUS, BRO?! SHOW SOME RESPECT. THE MAN'S NAME IS *TASK*.

BADROCK LOOKS A LOT TALLER ON *TV*.

HAHAHAHA

BADROCK?! WHY I OUGHTTA BEAT...

STAND DOWN, *RUBBLE*. DON'T LET THESE GUYS GET TO YOU. THEY'RE NOT WORTH IT.

GREETINGS, ADORING PUBLIC. HAVE NO FEAR, THE *WAR DOGS* ARE ON THE SCENE AND YOU CAN ALL REST ASSURED KNOWING JUSTICE WILL BE DELIVERED.

NUNS not GUNS

BURN in HELL

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE *NEW CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE...*

IT'S A MADHOUSE OUT THERE.

THIS IS BRINGING SOME UNNECESSARY LIGHT ONTO THE CHURCH. WITH THIS MUCH ATTENTION, IT'S GOING TO BE TOUGH TO MOVE AROUND AND BRING IN *FATHER MICHAEL.*

HAVE NO FEAR AVENGELYNE. I CAN STILL TELEPORT US.

BUT WHERE? WE HAVEN'T EXACTLY PICKED UP ANY LEADS ON HIS POSITION.

I DO NOT KNOW. I WILL CONSULT WITH THE WARHOST. PERHAPS THEY CAN SHED SOME LIGHT ON THE MATTER.

WE'LL HAVE TO ACT QUICKLY THOUGH...

"FOR I FEAR WE WILL NOT BE THE ONLY ONES LOOKING FOR HIM."

TRUER WORDS HAVE NEVER BEEN SPOKEN, AS AN EXTENSIVE MANHUNT HAS BEGUN FOR THE COP KILLER, *PRIEST*. FROM SUPERHEROES...

WHEN I HEARD THERE WAS A PSYCHO PRIEST ON THE LOOSE, I TOOK A VOW TO PROTECT EVERY CATHOLIC SCHOOL GIRL.

TO THEIR SIDEKICK COUNTERPARTS...

AND EVEN VIGILANTES, WANTED BY THE LAW THEMSELVES, HAVE PITCHED IN TO BRING *FATHER MICHAEL* TO JUSTICE.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO...
REBEL CAMP LOCATED IN THE JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA

THE AMERICANS!

HE WHO REBELS AGAINST THE AUTHORITY IS REBELLING AGAINST WHAT GOD HAS INSTITUTED...

AND THOSE WHO DO WILL BRING JUDGMENT ON THEMSELVES.

THE PRESENT...

GASP

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

EASY, *MICHAEL*. YOU CAN NOT LET DOUBT GET THE BEST OF YOU. OUR *LORD* HAS A PLAN.

NED CROWLEY HAD TO DIE. HIS WICKEDNESS HAD TO BE LAID TO REST. THE OFFICERS PROTECTING HIM UNFORTUNATELY WERE CASUALTIES.

FOR THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS MURDER WHEN ONE IS AT WAR. IF THAT MAKES ME A HUNTED MAN, THEN THAT IS MY CROSS TO BEAR.

IF ANYONE DESIRES TO COME AFTER ME, LET THEM DENY THEMSELVES, AND TAKE UP THEIR OWN CROSS, TO FOLLOW ME, THE

PRIEST

MOMENTS LATER...

ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE PLACE?

I CONFERRED WITH THE WARHOST, BUT I HAVE A FEELING THEY HAVE BEEN KEEPING THINGS FROM ME AS OF LATE. IT IS PUZZLING.

REGARDLESS, WE SHOULD INVESTIGATE.

WHOA, BIG FELLA. I THINK IT'S BEST YOU WAIT OUT HERE.

WE DON'T NEED YOU BLASTING FIRST AND ASKING QUESTIONS LATER. I STILL THINK *FATHER MICHAEL* CAN BE SAVED.

YOUR BELIEF IN THESE HUMANS IS REMARKABLE.

I WILL AS THE HUMANS SAY, TRY TO BLEND IN.

GOOD LUCK WITH THAT.

THE HORSEMEN, ROGUE AGENTS OF *GOD?* THE WARHOST KEEPING SECRETS FROM *PASSOVER?* THIS IS WORSE THAN WE COULD HAVE IMAGINED.

FATHER MICHAEL?

YOU HAVE TO LISTEN. I THINK YOU HAVE BEEN POSSESSED.

SLOWLY TURN AROUND, MY CHILD.

NOW, YOU ONLY GET ONE CHANCE TO EXPLAIN YOURSELF.

I AM ONE OF HIS ANGELS. I FELL FROM HEAVEN...

FATHER MICHAEL, IF YOU TRULY BELIEVE YOU ARE AN AGENT OF THE ***LORD,*** THEN WE ARE ON THE SAME SIDE.

A FALLEN ANGEL?

YES, BUT I LOVE MY FATHER. I DID NOT BETRAY HIM.

LIES! ANGELS FALL FROM GRACE WHEN THEY TURN THEIR BACK ON *GOD.*

MY FATHER IS VERY MUCH IN MY HEART. IS HE IN YOURS? *FATHER* WOULDN'T HAVE WANTED YOU TO KILL ALL OF THOSE INNOCENT MEN.

THEY OPPOSED ME.

NO, *FATHER MICHAEL.* YOU ARE SICK. YOU'VE BEEN POSSESSED BY EVIL.

I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK...

MEANWHILE...

'SIGH.'

?!

AHEM... I'M GOING TO ASK YOU BOYS TO STEP AWAY FROM THE VEHICLE.

RUN, DUDE! IT'S THE KLAN.

KLAN?

HUMANS..

"GASP!"

'SUP?
THE NAME'S *SAFE.* I DIG THE COSTUME. VERY *GLADIATOR* MEETS *LIBERACE.*

I'M SURE YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT'S GOING ON. WELL, I'VE JUST TELEPORTED YOU TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COUNTRY.

PRETTY COOL, HUH?

ENJOY YOUR STAY... OH, AND THANKS FOR THE STAFF. *SNICKER*

WHAAA!

DEATH VALLEY, CA

MY STAFF...

GRRR...

HIDE WHILE YOU CAN. YOU REPUGNANT LITTLE MAN. THE LOSS OF MY STAFF CAN NOT KEEP ME FROM FINDING YOU...

FOR THE ANGEL OF DEATH WILL HUNT YOU DOWN!

BACK INSIDE *PRIEST'S HIDEOUT...*

THERE'S A GOOD MAN INSIDE YOU. YOU HAVE TO FIGHT WHATEVER DEMONS YOU ARE BATTLING WITH.

MY *FATHER* WOULD NOT SEND YOU ON THIS KILLING SPREE.

I...

I WILL NOT BE DECEIVED!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

I HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS.

RRMMMMBLL

OH YEAAAH!

SMUSH!

BLAM BLAM BLAM

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, LADY, BUT THE MAN OF THE CLOTH IS MINE!

WHOA!

OK TEAM, I KNOW OUR DOSSIER SAID THIS WAS ONLY A LEVEL 3 POSSESSION, BUT THE MAN IS RESPONSIBLE FOR 27 DEAD COPS.

DON'T TAKE HIM LIGHTLY. *BIG WRECK* HAS CLEARED THE WAY, SO ON MY COMMAND, WE'RE GOING IN HOT...

OUTTA MY WAY! I WANT TO GET ME SOME!

WHACK!

SUNDAY SCHOOL'S IN SESSION, *BIBLE BEATER!*

THIS IS NOT A GAME! STAND DOWN. I HAVE NO INTENTION OF HARMING A CHILD. THEY ARE THE HERITAGE OF THE *LORD.*

I'M NO CHILD. *I'M* A CLONE OF THE DEADLIEST FEMALE TO EVER WALK THE EARTH.

CLONE? IF THAT IS TRUE, THEN YOU ARE AN ABOMINATION TO *GOD.*

AND I HAVE NO PROBLEM PUTTING YOU DOWN, *SOULLESS ONE!*

THUD

TRY PICKING ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE.

KRAK

OOOPH!

YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD AGAINST A LITTLE GIRL, BUT YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT AGAINST AN *OLYMPIC* MEDALIST. IF *GOD* PROVIDES, WHERE'S YOUR DEFENSE?!

MY *LORD* BELIEVES A GOOD DEFENSE IS A STRONG OFFENSIVE HAND GRENADE!

KLICK

AAAGH!

ZAP

IT'S *END TIMES* FOR YOU, *FATHER.*

YOU WANNA GET BEHIND THE WHEEL OF THIS, BABY?

HAHAHAHA

IN ALL MY YEARS ON EARTH, I'VE NEVER BOTHERED GETTING A DRIVER'S LICENSE.

RRRAAAGH!

BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I DON'T KNOW MY WAY UNDERNEATH THE HOOD.

WATCH OUT OR THIS CAT WILL STEAL YOUR BREATH!

AAACK!

GET YOUR PAWS OFF ME!

RAWR!

BAD KITTY, DOWN!

I DEMAND YOU RELEASE ME AND MY FRIEND, NOW!

WHOA, YOU'RE IN NO POSITION TO MAKE DEMANDS.

WHY AM I NOT SURPRISED YOU DON'T VALUE YOUR TEAMMATE'S LIFE.

HE MAY SHED LIKE CRAZY IN THE TRANSPORTER, LOVE, BUT I VALUE ***WILDHALF*** AS MUCH AS EVERY OTHER MEMBER OF MY TEAM, INCLUDING THE ONE I'VE BEEN DISTRACTING YOU FROM.

WHO?!

SHHH. THIS IS JUST GOING TO BE A TINY PRICK. THEN IT'S OFF TO DREAMLAND.

NICE WORK, ***KOBOLD.***

HEY GUYS, WHAT DID I MISS? *OH...* WHO'S THE *BABE?*

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I THINK *I'M* IN LOVE.

TO BE CONTINUED...

ROB LIEFELD PRESENTS

EXTREME™ ORIGINS

WRITER - MARK POULTON
PENCILER - OWEN GIENI
INKER - GAVIN DE LINT
COLORIST - ED FOYCHUK
LETTERS - DEXTER WEEKS

LT. MAHATMA YADAV WAS A LADIES MAN, QUICKLY MOVING UP THE RANKS IN THE US MILITARY.

HE PROUDLY SERVED HIS COUNTRY OVER IN IRAQ...

UNTIL AN EXPLOSION CUT SHORT HIS ONCE PROMISING CAREER.

HE MAY HAVE DIED TOO, IF IT WASN'T FOR A DEAL MADE BETWEEN THE GOVERNMENT AND THE DEMON LORD, B'LIALE.

HE WOULD BE THE GUINEA PIG FOR AN EXPERIMENTAL PROCEDURE.

IF HE WANTED TO LIVE HE HAD LITTLE CHOICE...

BUT TO GO THROUGH A PAINFUL SERIES OF TESTS WHERE *DEMON DNA* WAS INJECTED INTO HIS BODY.

THE PROCEDURE WAS A SUCCESS AND SOON MORE SOLDIERS JUST LIKE HIM UNDERWENT THE PROCESS.

LED BY *DEVLIN TRASK*, THEY WOULD BECOME THE GOVERNMENT'S SUPERNATURAL DEATH SQUAD, *OPERATION: HELLSTRIKE*.

HOWEVER, THE PLATOON WOULD NOT LAST. MEMBERS DIED OR WENT THEIR SEPARATE WAYS.

MAHATMA WAS CHOSEN FOR A NEW TEAM. ONE WITH A HIGHER VISIBILITY.

AS LEADER OF THE *WAR DOGS*, HE GOES BY THE CODENAME:

VAGABOND

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RATED T+ / TEEN PLUS

BullocK
DEX

20 image 8

AVENGELYNE™

LIEFELD

LIEFELD ✝ POULTON ✝ GIENI ✝ WEEKS

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THE HUNT PART 2

WRITER: MARK POULTON
ART\COLORS: OWEN GIENI
COLORS\LETTERS: DEXTER WEEKS

FRONT COVER ROB LIEFELD & ANDY TROY
BACK COVER JON MALIN & DEXTER WEEKS

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APTER AN ASSAULT ON *PRIEST'S* HIDEOUT, *AVENGELYNE* AND *FATHER MICHAEL* HAVE BEEN TAKEN INTO CUSTODY BY THE *WAR DOGS.*

THE HUNT PART 2

AVENGELYNE

CREATED BY
ROB LIEFELD & CATHY CHRISTIAN
WRITER - MARK POULTON
ART- COLORS - OWEN GIENI
COLORS-LETTERS - DEXTER WEEKS

UNHHH...

MY HEAD... WHU... WHERE AM I?

SHHH, LOVE. YOU'RE OKAY.

YOU'VE BEEN TAKEN CAPTIVE.

"GIGGLE"

WE TOTALLY CLEANED YOUR CLOCKS. I EVEN TOOK THIS STAFF OFF YOUR BIG WINGED FRIEND, AS A SOUVENIR. IT'S GONNA LOOK BOSS ABOVE MY BED.

WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE?

WE'RE THE WAR DOGS DEAR.

KRUNCH!

WHAT THE *HELL* WAS THAT?!

HELL? NOT EXACTLY. YOU GUYS TICKED OFF THE WRONG ANGEL!

ANGEL?! WHAT'S SHE TALKING ABOUT?!

SHE'S MESSING WITH YOU, *SAFE.* GET YOUR HEAD IN THE GAME!

SUIT YOURSELF, BUT IF I KNOW MY BIG WINGED FRIEND, HE'S NOT GOING TO BE HAPPY.

DAMN IT! BE READY FOR ANYTHING! HE'S NOT TAKING OUR PRISONERS!

THIS ARMORED CAR IS MADE OF *ACURAN STEEL.*

YOU'RE FRIEND MAY BE STRONG, BUT HE'S SADLY MISTAKEN, IF HE THINKS HE'S GETTING THROUGH THESE...

REEAARGH!

DOORS?

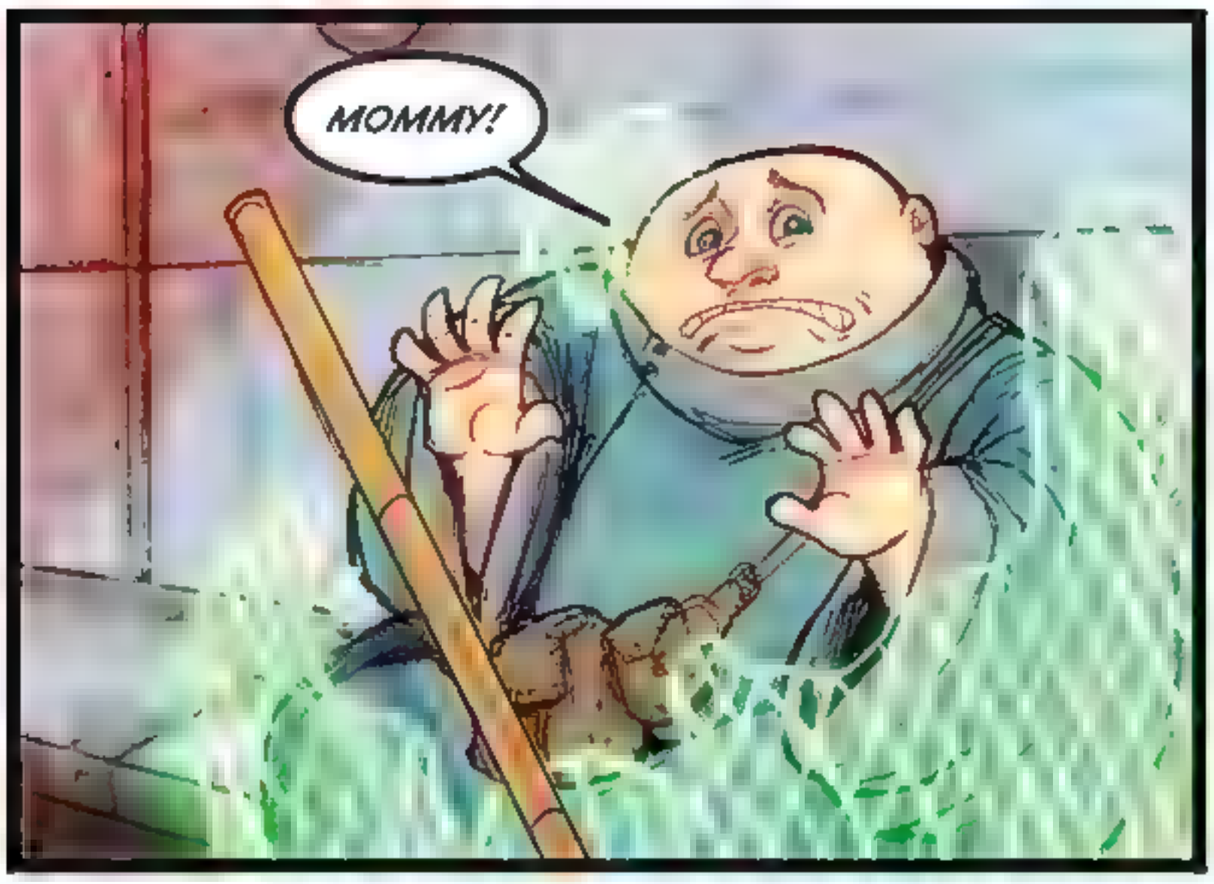
THE ANGEL OF DEATH HAS PASSED OVER YOU ON THIS DAY!

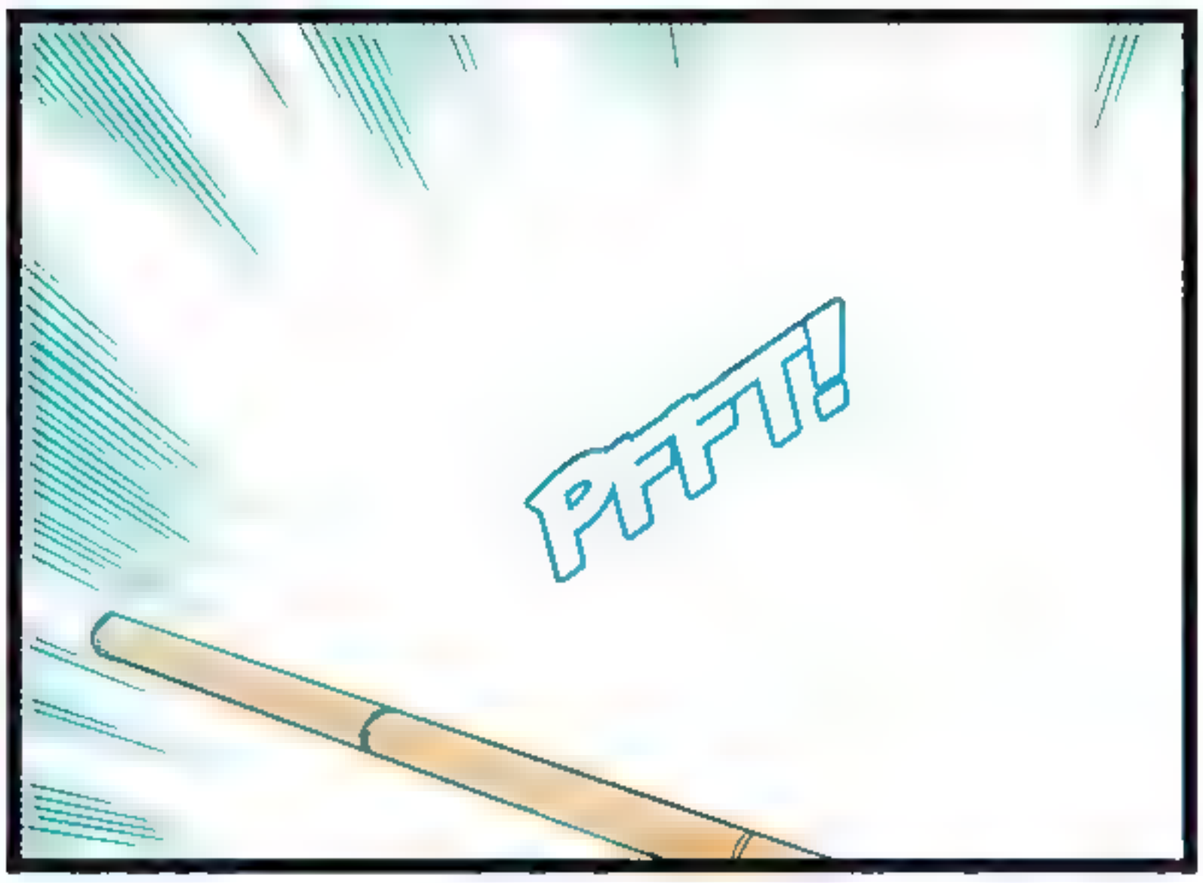
YOUR LEAF ON THE TREE OF LIFE WILTED THE MOMENT YOU STOLE MY STAFF!

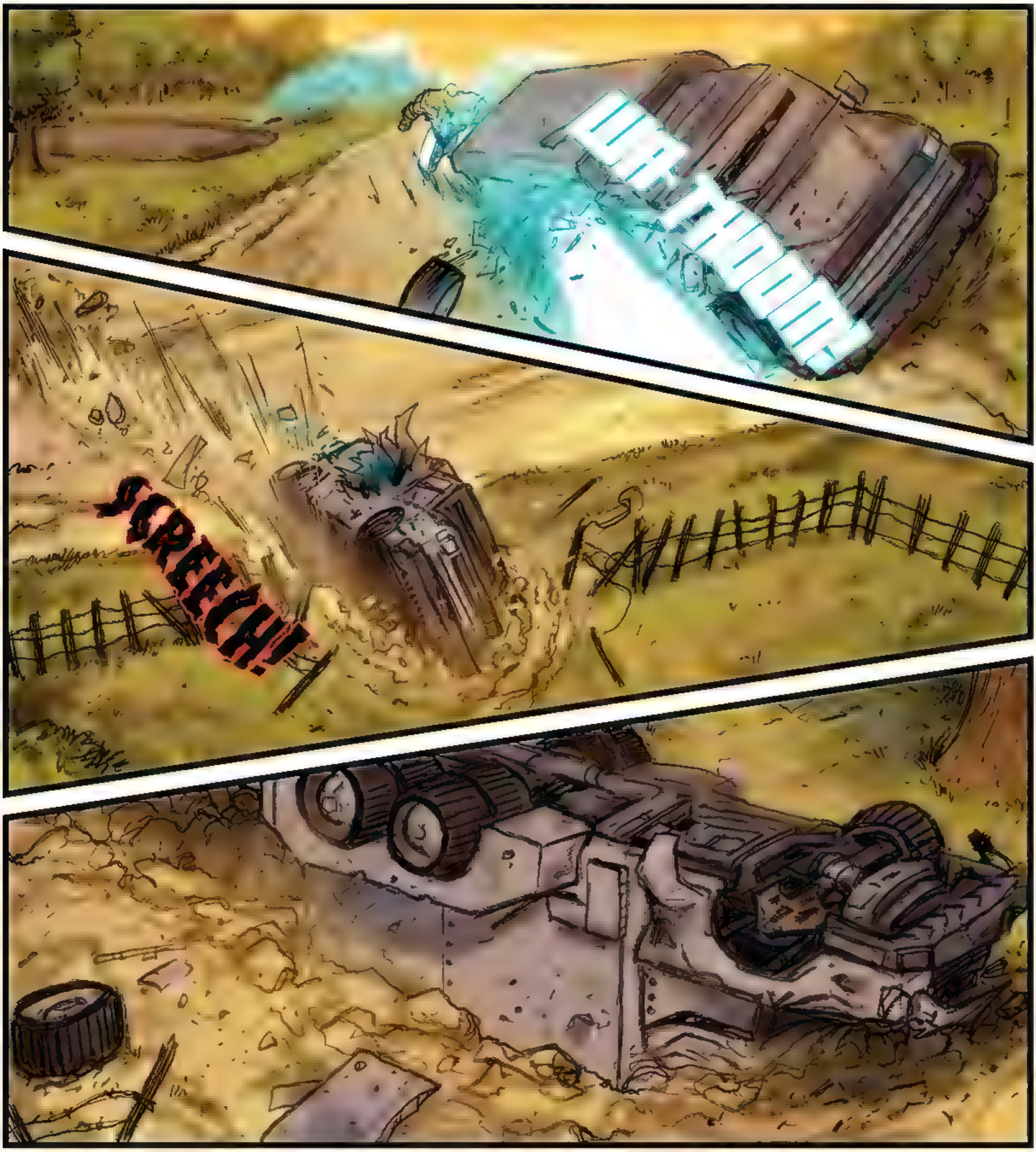
WUHAAAA! YOU CAN HAVE IT BACK!

PASSOVER, DON'T DO IT! CALM DOWN!

I DO NOT TAKE ORDERS FROM YOU. I EXTINGUISH THE LIGHT OF THOSE I CHOOSE FIT, BY MY FATHER'S ORDER!


MOMMY!


PFFT!


SCREECH!

UNHHH...

I'VE GOT FATHER MICHAEL.

CAN YOU FREE YOURSELF FROM THOSE SHACKLES OR DO YOU REQUIRE MY ASSISTANCE?

UMPH!

SNAP!

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU CAN STILL DO A FEW THINGS ON YOUR OWN.

WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM?! IF THAT GUY HADN'T TELEPORTED, YOU WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM!

YOU'RE WALKING A DANGEROUS LINE!

DO NOT LECTURE ME... NEED I REMIND YOU WHICH ONE OF US HAS FALLEN.

NOW STAND ASIDE, WHILE I HANDLE ANOTHER OF YOUR PROBLEMS.

HEY!

GYAH!

KRAK

FHHT!

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A STANDOFF.

I WOULD SUGGEST YOU LOWER YOUR WEAPON. YOU HAVE NO IDEA THE POWER YOU WIELD.

I THINK I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA, FRIEND.

NO. YOU DON'T. IF YOU UNDERSTOOD, YOU WOULD NOT BE AIMING IT AT ONE OF THE MAKER'S SERVANTS, LT. YADAV.

WHAT THE *HELL* ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT...

AND HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?!

LIKE ME, MY FATHER HAS ENTRUSTED YOU WITH ONE OF THE FIVE HOLY WEAPONS.

YOUR GUN REPRESENTS SALVATION AND HOW YOU FOUGHT FOR YOUR OWN. DO YOU NOT REMEMBER?

IT'S FUZZY AT BEST. I REMEMBER GLIMPSES, AS IF *I'M* WATCHING A CLIPS PACKAGE FROM A SITCOM VERSION OF MY LIFE.

"I KNOW I DIED SERVING MY COUNTRY OVER IN *IRAQ.*"

"MY REMAINS WERE SHIPPED BACK HOME WITH THE OTHER BOYS WHO LOST THEIR LIVES. FROM WHAT I'VE BEEN ABLE TO PIECE TOGETHER, WHEN THEY POPPED THE BOX OPEN FOR MY FAMILY, MY BODY WAS GONE."

"WHERE I WENT IS A MYSTERY. I REMEMBER IT WAS HOT..."

"AND I DIDN'T LIKE IT MUCH."

"I KNOW I FREED MYSELF AT ONE POINT AND I REMEMBER SCRATCHING AND CLAWING MY WAY OUT."

"WHEN I HIT THE SURFACE, I COLLAPSED FROM EXHAUSTION."

"WHEN I WOKE UP, THE GUN WAS LAYING RIGHT BESIDE ME. IT DIDN'T EXACTLY COME WITH AN INSTRUCTION MANUAL."

ALTHOUGH YOU HAVE DEMON DNA COURSING THROUGH YOUR BODY, MY FATHER WAS MOVED BY YOUR FIGHT FOR SALVATION.

WHOA, THIS IS HEAVY.

INDEED. EVEN FOR A MONGREL DEMON SUCH AS YOURSELF, YOUR STORY IS INSPIRING.

GEE, THANKS... I GUESS. SO WHAT DO I DO NOW?

KEEP PROVING YOURSELF WORTHY.

I HATE TO BREAK UP YOUR BUDDING BROMANCE, BUT WE SHOULD PROBABLY GET MOVING.

AGREED. BUT FIRST I'D LIKE TO APOLOGIZE. MY BEHAVIOR WAS UNCALLED FOR.

LET'S JUST TRY TO KEEP YOUR ANGER IN CHECK. IF YOU EVER LOSE YOUR COOL, WE ALL COULD BE IN FOR...

"... A REAL POWDER KEG."

NEW CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE

WOULD YOU GET A LOAD OF THIS PLACE?

NUNS not GUNS

RUN PRIEST RUN

WHAT A MAD HOUSE.

THIS IS *CHRIS VENKMAN* REPORTING FOR *CHANNEL 8 NEWS.*

XTM NY

I'M STANDING OUTSIDE THE STEPS OF THE *NEW CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE,*

WHERE FUGITIVE, *FATHER MICHAEL O'BANNON,* AKA THE GUN TOTING, COP KILLING VIGILANTE, *PRIEST,* LAST WORKED.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

GOD LOVES, PRIEST KILLS!

HEAVEN?! WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE!

HEYA, *PETE.* WHAT'S NEW?

I SAW THE PROTESTS ON THE NEWS AND THOUGHT I'D STOP BY FOR SOME MORAL SUPPORT. OR CONSIDERING MY BACKGROUND, IMMORAL SUPPORT.

YOU SHOULDN'T BE SO HARD ON YOURSELF. IN THE SHORT TIME I'VE KNOWN YOU, YOU'VE MADE CONSIDERABLE STRIDES IN YOUR LIFE.

LOOK AT YOU? WITH EVERYTHING GOING ON, YOU STILL PUT OTHERS FIRST.

YOU AND ***AVENGELYNE*** ARE QUITE THE COUPLE. SPEAKING OF WHICH, WHERE IS ***AVENGY?***

OFF ON ANOTHER GOOD DEED I SUPPOSE.

YOU COULD SAY THAT. THERE IS A FRIEND OF THE CHURCH WHO HAS LOST THEIR WAY. SHE WAS GOING TO REACH OUT TO THEM...

"... AND SEE IF SHE COULD BRING THEM BACK."

YOU READY?

ONE LAST THING. YOU'VE BEEN GIVEN A GREAT OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE. DO NOT WASTE IT.

PFFT

I GOT BACK UP. IS HE STILL HERE?

HE'S LONG GONE. NOW, GO CHANGE YOUR PANTS.

MINUTES LATER...

SO LET'S BE HONEST, *PETE*. WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH YOU AND AVENGELYNE?

DOES SHE HAVE ANOTHER GUY IN HER...

LIFE?!

BOOF!

OH MY GOD!

DON'T BE STARTLED, *HEAVEN*. WE CAN EXPLAIN.

AVENGELYNE AND A GIANT, HOODED MAN JUST TELEPORTED INTO THE CHURCH.

THIS I WOULD LOVE TO HEAR YOU EXPLAIN!

SHHH... HEAVEN YOU NEED TO CALM DOWN.

PASSOVER IS A FRIEND. HE IS AN ANGEL, LIKE I USED TO BE.

AN ANGEL? OH MAN, I... I REMEMBER. I REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO ME...

IT WAS SO UNREAL, LIKE OUT OF A DREAM...

"I WAS AT THE GATES OF *HEAVEN* BATHED IN A SEA OF LIGHT..."

"AN ARMY OF ANGELS BOWED AT MY FEET."

"I WAS SCARED AT FIRST, BUT THEY REASSURED ME THAT EVERYTHING WOULD BE ALL RIGHT."

"AND THEN...

HAVE A SEAT.

UNHHH... IT'S ALL TOO MUCH TO TAKE IN.

I WANTED TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, *HEAVEN,* BUT THOUGHT IT WAS TOO DANGEROUS FOR YOUR RECOVERY.

DON'T TRUST HER. *AVENGELYNE'S* BLASPHEMY IS WELL DOCUMENTED.

SILENCE YOUR TONGUE, DOG!

IS THAT *FATHER MICHAEL?*

LET HIM SPEAK. I WANT TO HEAR WHAT HE HAS TO SAY.

HEAVEN, I WOULDN'T RECOMMEND GETTING CLOSE TO HIM.

YAAARGH!

GASP

YOU MINGLE WITH THE UNFORGIVABLE SINNERS.

IN DUE TIME, YOU WILL CONFIDE IN THE **PRIEST**

AVENGELYNE. TEND TO HEAVEN.

IT WAS INEVITABLE I SUPPOSE.

BUT IT'S TIME FOR FATHER MICHAEL TO LOOK INTO THE EYES OF...

THE TRUE FACE OF DEATH!

TO BE CONTINUED...

ROB LIEFELD PRESENTS

EXTREME™ ORIGINS

WRITER - MARK POULTON
PENCILER - BOB LEFEVRE
INKER - MOSTAFA MOUSSA
COLORIST - JAMES OFFREDI
LETTERS - DEXTER WEEKS

SHE IS BASED OFF *LETHAL*, THE FEMALE ASSASSIN AND *BRIGADE* MEMBER.

AS THE SEVENTH CLONE OF *LETHAL*, SHE WAS THE PRODUCT OF A GOVERNMENT EXPERIMENT TO CREATE THE ULTIMATE KILLING MACHINE FOR THEIR NEW SUPER TEAM, THE *WAR DOGS*.

BUT DESPITE HER LETHAL INSTINCTS, SHE IS VERY MUCH A LITTLE GIRL AT HEART.

WHEN SHE IS NOT TRAINING...

SHE LIKES TO SPEND HER TIME DOING ARTS AND CRAFTS...

Glitter

PINK

OR HANGING OUT WITH HER FRIENDS.

WAR DOGS' FIELD LEADER, VEGABOND, HAS BECOME A BIG BROTHER FIGURE TO HER, PROTECTING HER FROM THE GOVERNMENT'S INFLUENCE.

WHILE HIS HEART IS IN THE RIGHT PLACE, THIS PINT SIZED ASSASSIN CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF.

SHE'S THE DEADLIEST GIRL ON THE PLAYGROUND. SHE'S...

L7

WWW.BOBLEFEVRE.COM
E-MAIL-BOB@BOBLEFEVRE.COM

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